

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.
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Postoffice at Newport, R. I., under
the Act of 1879.

Established June, 1788, and is now in
its one hundred and sixty-seventh year.
It is the oldest newspaper in the United
States, with less than half a dozen excep-
tions, the oldest printed in the English lan-
guage. It is a large quarto weekly of
forty-eight columns filled with interest-
ing reading—editorial, State, local and
general news, well selected miscellany,
and valuable farmers' and household de-
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Local Matters

GOING TO WORCESTER

The members of Washington Com-
mandery are looking forward with
much eagerness to their visit to
Worcester next June, to join in the
celebration of the one-hundredth an-
niversary of Worcester County Com-
mandery. It is expected that every
Commandery in the Grand Jurisdic-
tion of Massachusetts and Rhode
Island will attend and join in the big
street parade that will be a feature
of the celebration.

On the evening of Tuesday, June
23, the Worcester committee have
planned to open the festivities with
a grand ball, at which all Knight
Templars and their ladies will be wel-
come. On Wednesday morning there
will be a parade, the line being head-
ed by the Grand Commander, Right
Eminent Sir Asa G. Jewett and Staff.
The Commanderies will parade by
divisions, and Washington Comman-
dery will be the fourth in the first
division, very near the head of the
line.

In the afternoon, there will be a
field day and competitive drills, in
which the famous drill corps of
Washington Commandery will be en-
tered. In the evening there will be a
banquet and other features.

Accommodations for the members
of Washington Commandery and
their ladies have been reserved at
the Hotel Bancroft. The local Com-
mandery will probably be accompa-
nied by the Grotto Band.

NEW CITY ENGINEER

At the weekly meeting of the board
of aldermen on Thursday evening,
the vacancy in the office of City En-
gineer, caused by the death of Roland
J. Easton, was filled by the election
of Gardner C. Easton. The younger
man has been associated with his
father in the engineering firm and
has done much of the work for the
city during the latter's illness.

Bids were opened for printing the
ballots for the city election, and were
referred to a subsequent meeting in
order to assure the board that the
lowest bidder could handle the con-
tract successfully.

A report was received from the
committee on comfort stations to the
effect that it would be much more
economical to construct such a station
within the City Hall than to build a
new structure outside. It was voted
to refer the proposition, accompanied
by the figures, to the committee of
25.

A large amount of routine business
was transacted and many licenses
were granted.

Newport is well represented on the
roll of officers of the Grand Royal
Arch Chapter of Massachusetts and
Rhode Island (colored), which met
in Providence this week. Armstead
Hurley is Grand Scribe, William W.
Tolbert Grand Treasurer, M. Alonzo
Van Horne Grand Secretary, and An-
drew A. Burgess Grand Chaplain.

Thomas H. Ince, the well known
moving picture producer, who died
this week, was born in Newport in
1880. His parents lived here for only
a few years.

CITY ELECTION

One week from next Tuesday will
occur the biennial city election, when
the people will have an opportunity
of electing a mayor, five members of
the board of aldermen, four members
of the school committee and thirteen
members of the representative coun-
cil from each ward, as well as filling
a number of vacancies in the council.
The ballots will be long, and there is
no opportunity to vote for a whole
section by marking a cross in a cir-
cle. On the contrary, a mark must
be placed against each name to be
voted for. This will take considera-
ble time on the part of each voter,
and if any such number of people
should come out as at the general
election, the congestion at the polling
places will be great.

There are but two candidates for
Mayor—Mortimer A. Sullivan, the
present incumbent, and Herbert W.
Smith. For school committee, Leander
K. Carr, Thomas B. Congdon,
William W. Covell, and Charles F.
Gifford, whose terms expire, are can-
didates for re-election, and in ad-
dition Edwin H. Barker and Grace
B. Ross are in the field.

For board of aldermen, J. Joseph
M. Martin is opposed in the Fifth
ward. In the First, William A. Han-
ley is opposed by Edward Ellis, Ed-
ward G. Gladding, and Benjamin
Lawton. In the Second, John Mahan
is running against Joseph J. Kirby.
In the Third, James Powell Cozzens
is contending with Alderman Frank
J. Hughes. In the Fourth, John T.
Allan is opposed by William A. Kel-
ley.

The nominations are as follows:

FOR MAYOR

Mortimer A. Sullivan
Herbert W. Smith

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Edwin H. Barker
Leander K. Carr
Thomas B. Congdon
William W. Covell
Charles F. Gifford
Grace B. Ross

FOR ALDERMEN

WARD ONE

Edward Ellis
Edward G. Gladding
William A. Hanley
Benjamin Lawton

WARD TWO

Joseph J. Kirby
John Mahan

WARD THREE

Frank J. Hughes
James P. Cozzens

WARD FOUR

John T. Allan
William A. Kelley

WARD FIVE

J. Joseph M. Martin

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

WARD ONE

John L. Cookinham, Howard E.
Langley, Giuseppe Pietropinto, James
Jestings, Fred W. Winsor, George M.
DeFray, James Jestings, Jr., Frank-
lin P. James, Herbert J. Tuttle,
Thomas W. Duffy, William H. Groff,
Jr., William H. Sherman, George S.
Gilliam, Thomas H. MacDonald, El-
mer F. Sweet, Edward T. Hansen,
John F. Sullivan, Sherman H. Lewis,
Frank B. Langley, Rutherford S. El-
liott, George Nasser, Thomas H. Sul-
livan, Samuel Abrams.

For Two Years Two Vacancies
Paul Lozito, John L. McCracken.

WARD TWO

Samuel Smythe, Ira W. Wilcox, Jr.,
Benjamin H. Winans, Clairmont L.
Grinnell, John J. Mulholland, J.
Frank Albrow, John Gladding, Jr.,
George W. Leber, Michael Foley,
Alfred J. King, Marco Spero, Thomas
Maguire, Gideon P. Irwin, Harry D.
Wood, Robert L. Oman, Andrew J.
Duffee, Charles J. Rochefort, Russell
J. Dayton, Frank H. Scannevin, Ruth
C. White, John F. Walsh, Thomas F.
Murphy, Joseph F. Tubley, William
H. Holt, Joseph Gibson, C. Elmer
Clarke, Harold A. Peckham, Law-
rence W. Champlin, Sydney D. Har-
vey, Benjamin F. Downing, John J.
Hussey, Michael J. Grady.

For Four Years. One Vacancy
James W. Wilson

For Two Years. One Vacancy
Frank M. Coggeshall

WARD THREE

William A. Leya, Basil K. Con-
stant, Sidney I. Jacobs, William D.
Doyle, John G. Seabury, Frederick P.
Garrettson, Peter Peterson, Freder-
ick P. Lee, Julia S. Hess, Albert F.
Haas, Herbert L. Dyer, Robert Dan-
nin, George Cassimatis, Edward J.
Corcoran, George J. Yamparis, Julian
B. Cabrel, Joseph Pearson, Marco A.

Russo, W. Frank Ebbitt, Clifton L.
Tallman, William H. Thomas.

For Two Years. One Vacancy
Powell H. Kazanjian, Daniel F. Shea.

WARD FOUR

William J. Burns, Michael Harring-
ton, Jr., Everett I. Gorton, Thomas
M. Clarke, William Nagle, John F.
Lawton, John E. Nagle, William B.
Byrnes, Michael F. Murray, Louis
V. Shanteler, Christopher J. McCorm-
ick, Stephen S. Carr, Edward P.
Curran, J. Raymond Casey, John P.
Moy, Isabella M. Stark, Harry J. Ben-
nett, Michele DeSantis, William J.
Alexander, Margaret E. Keenan,
Philip Dowling.

For Two Years. One Vacancy
James E. Morris

WARD FIVE

James D. Brown, Grace B. Ross,
John L. Cummings, John F. Forey,
Dennis F. Nagle, Benjamin F. An-
thony, Robert L. Woodward, John R.
Sweeney, James J. Martin, James W.
Sullivan, Morris Friedman, Frank W.
Pearson, John J. Horgan, Joseph A.
Donovan, Ernest Voigt, William H.
Kane, Michael F. Kelly, Michael Rea-
gan, James Meliff, John J. Cassidy,
Emile Bayley, William H. Carson,
James A. Wood, John M. Lynch.

For Two Years. One Vacancy
Thomas F. Casey.

WINTER WEATHER

Many auto owners are poorer by
many dollars as the result of the
sudden drop in temperature last Mon-
day morning. During the night, the
mercury dropped rapidly from about
fifty degrees to a point in some places
as low as twelve. No one was pre-
pared for the sudden wintry blast,
and in consequence hundreds of auto-
mobiles were frozen Monday morn-
ing. In some cases merely a little
warmth was sufficient to restore
them to service, but many suffered
cracked cylinders and burst radiators,
which will cost large amounts
to replace. Every service station in
the city was deluged with calls for
help, and many cars were stranded
along the highways.

The weather was not cold enough
to cause damage to plumbing, the
autos being about the only real suf-
ferers. It was certainly cold, though,
and the heavy winds made it all the
more penetrating. During the night
the wind attained a velocity of
about 75 miles but even so there was
little damage done. The trees had
been stripped of their foliage, so that
they offered less resistance than in
the big storm of last August when so
many trees came down.

The temperature has continued be-
low freezing since Monday, and it
has seemed like real winter.

KILLED WHILE SPEEDING

Robert Jensky of Providence was
killed at Cozy Corner in Portsmouth
on Monday afternoon, when his auto
crashed into a telegraph pole after
failing to negotiate a curve there.
He was rushed to the Union Hospital
in Fall River, but died a few minutes
after being admitted. His two com-
panions escaped serious injury.

There were several witnesses to
the accident, and they agreed in be-
lieving that the high speed at which
the car passed them would prevent
its negotiating the curve at
Cozy Corner. They hurried after
the speeding car and saw it
crash into the pole. Jensky was
badly crushed, but was conscious
when pulled out from the wreckage.
One of the other men was badly
bruised, while the third was hurled
out of the car and escaped injury.

Chief Deegan and Dr. Storrs were
quickly on the scene, and did what
they could for the dying man until
the arrival of the ambulance from
Fall River.

At the weekly meeting of the Lions
Club on Thursday, President Down-
ing officially notified the members of
the death of Charles E. Beans, who
was one of the founders of the Club,
and the members stood for one min-
ute in silence in tribute to his memo-
ry. The speaker of the day was Rev.
John Pearce of Portsmouth, who took
"Thanksgiving" as his topic. The
meeting of the Club next week will
be omitted, because of the holiday.

Mr. Thomas B. Congdon suffered a
slight attack of vertigo on Thursday
and was obliged to return to his
home. He is now in his usual health.

CHARLES E. BEANS

Mr. Charles E. Beans, a well known
business man, died at his home on
Gibbs avenue on Sunday. He had
been a sufferer from heart trouble
for about a year, but had been able
to attend to his business until about
a week before his death. The an-
nouncement of the fatal termination
came as a great shock to his wide
circle of friends, many of whom did
not know that he was seriously ill.

Mr. Beans was formerly engaged
in the business of subscription book
publishing. He was a printer by
trade, and a few years ago opened
a job printing establishment in this
city, building up a successful busi-
ness. He was skilled at his trade,
and was an indefatigable worker. A
man of strong personality, he made
friends easily, and was called upon
to devote much of his time and en-
ergy to community affairs. He had
been active in the hotel drive, and
also in the late political campaign,
and undoubtedly had weakened his
system by overwork. He will be
greatly missed in the community.

Mr. Beans was a member of St.
Paul's Lodge, Newport Chapter and
DeBois Council, and was a Past Pa-
tron of Aquidneck Chapter, Order of
the Eastern Star. He was also a
member of Kolah Grotto and of the
Advisory Council of John Clarke
Chapter, Order of De Molay. He was
an officer of the Lions Club of New-
port, and was Secretary of the Men's
Club of St. George's Church.

He is survived by a widow and
three young children. One brother
lives in Virginia, and another brother
died very suddenly a few months ago.

WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN

Mr. William B. Franklin, formerly
proprietor of Franklin Bakery, died
at his home on Division street on
Monday, after a short illness. Al-
though he had reached the advanced
age of eighty-four, he had been in
good health until a few months pre-
vious to his death.

Mr. Franklin was a son of the late
Robert M. Franklin, who was a well
known baker. As a young man, he
entered his father's employ, and after
the latter's death he carried on the
business in partnership with his
brother, the late Robert S. Franklin.
In 1895, the partnership was dis-
solved, and Mr. William B. Franklin
continued the business. Some fifteen
years ago he disposed of his interest
to Thomas and Norman Spooner,
who have since conducted the bakery.

He was deeply interested in reli-
gious and charitable movements, and
had been a member and deacon in the
Second Baptist Church and its pre-
decessor for many years. He had
been president of the Young Men's
Christian Association and a director
of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.
He was a member of the represen-
tative council from 1905 until 1923,
when failing health prompted him to
resign.

He is survived by a widow and one
daughter, Miss Susan B. Franklin, a
teacher in the Rogers High School.

ROLAND J. EASTON

Mr. Roland J. Easton, for nearly
ten years city engineer of Newport,
died at his home on Bradford avenue
on Tuesday, after a comparatively
short illness. His duties during the
past year or more had been particu-
larly trying, as he had had charge
of the immense task of preparing
the specifications and superintending
the work of rebuilding both Broad-
way and Bellevue avenue.

Mr. Easton was a son of the late
Charles A. Easton and a direct de-
scendant of Peter Easton, who was
one of the founders of the Colony.
He was a civil engineer by profession
and obtained much valuable experi-
ence in the employ of the late Cap-
tain Joseph P. Cotton. After Cap-
tain Cotton's death Mr. Easton form-
ed a partnership with his son, Mr.
Gardner C. Easton, and continued in
his engineering work. He was elect-
ed city engineer in 1915, and had
done excellent work in that capacity.

He is survived by a widow and one
son; also by two sisters, Mrs. Ed-
ward E. Taylor and Mrs. Daniel
Congdon. He had been a member of
the Congregational Church for many
years, and had held a number of
offices in the church and Sunday
School.

MANY FIRES

The Newport Fire Department has
been kept very busy during the past
week. In addition to a number of
still alarms for grass fires, automo-
biles, etc., there have been several
box alarms and at one time the en-
tire fire department was at work,
two boxes having been sounded at
almost the same time.

Shortly before noon on Monday,
fire was discovered on the roof of
the former Needwood Cottage on
Parker avenue, now used for the
Catholic High School, pending the
improvements to the main building. A
still alarm was first given, but it
was soon seen that the chemicals
would be insufficient to handle the
fire, and box 46 was pulled. Much
water was used, and the whole inter-
ior of the building was drenched be-
fore the flames were extinguished.
School was in session at the time,
and the boys were marched out in
perfect order, and immediately turned
their attention to rescuing the
furnishings of the building. The top
of the building was burned off, and
the whole interior was wrecked.
School was suspended for two days
until the main building could be put
in readiness for the pupils.

Only a few minutes later fire was
discovered on the roof of a large
barn on the Bateman estate far
around the Ocean Drive. Box 516
was sounded, and as the down town
apparatus was busy at the High
School fire, the uptown section had
to make the long run of several miles.
When they arrived, the barn was
burning fiercely and other property
was in imminent danger. It meant
a hard fight before the danger was
over, but the men were able to save
the nearby buildings. This property
was purchased some time ago by
Mr. J. K. Sullivan.

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Sumner has been very busy
in the Superior Court this week,
hearing cases in which no jury was
required. There have been some
equity cases and some contested di-
vorce cases to claim his attention.
The well known Stewart divorce case,
which has been before the Court in
various forms for some months, was
heard on its merits and judgment for
separate maintenance with custody
of the children was given to the wife.
Another case that has been pend-
ing for some time is the Boiani case
involving title to the brick building
at Broadway and Cranston avenue.
This was sold at sheriff's sale some
time ago, but by order of the Court
the transfer of title was suspended
pending a hearing in equity. There
are several fine points involved.

SMITH CLUB FORMED

The friends of Herbert W. Smith
are working very hard to secure his
election to the office of Mayor next
month. A Smith Club was formed at
the Court House on Wednesday eve-
ning, when Edward A. Sherman was
elected president, Mrs. Isabella M.
Stark vice president, Robert M. Dan-
nin secretary, Mrs. Louise G. Green
assistant secretary, and John S.
Coggeshall treasurer. A finance com-
mittee was appointed and a very
large advisory committee which con-
tains the names of some of the best
known men and women in Newport.
At the meeting on Wednesday
evening stirring talks were given by
a number of those present, and Mr.
Smith read his platform, which was
enthusiastically received.

At the next meeting of Van-
Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection on
December 11, there will be an inter-
esting celebration of the seventy-
fifth anniversary of the Lodge. A
dinner will be served in Masonic
Temple previous to the business ses-
sion. William I. Sweet of Provi-
dence, Deputy for Rhode Island, is
expected to be present with a large
suite of officers.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

At the Probate Court held in Mid-
dletown on Monday, November 17,
the following estates were passed
upon:
Estate of Mary E. Tucker—Elmer

E. Tucker presents a return declar-
ing there is no personal estate,
which is received and passed for re-
cord.

Estate of Samuel B. Dodge.—An-
na R. Franch, Executrix, presents an
inventory amounting to \$342.95,
which was allowed and ordered re-
corded.

Estate of Isaac Barker.—The fifth
account of Eliot G. Parkhurst, Ad-
ministrator de bonis non, with will
annexed, was referred to the third
Monday of December, with an order
of notice.

Estate of Laura A. Barker.—The
fifth account of Eliot G. Parkhurst,
Guardian, was referred to the third
Monday in December, with an order
of notice.

Estate of Joseph R. Coggeshall.—
The first and final account of Alfred
C. Anthony, Administrator, was re-
ferred to the third Monday in De-
cember, and notice ordered thereon.
The terms of office of minor town
officers expiring on this date, the
Council proceeded to appoint their
successors. At the beginning of the
discussion the police constables were
criticized quite freely, as not having
done their full duty. It was alleged
that houses of ill repute and houses
for gambling on the main highways
of the town were in full swing dur-
ing the summer months, and not in-
terrupted by any visits from the
police. So great was the dissatis-
faction with the conduct of the po-
lice during the past summer, that
no Chief of Police was appointed,
and the office was passed. James
Bloomfield has held this office since
March, 1922, when the same was cre-
ated by a special Act of the General
Assembly. Some members of the
Council contended that Mr. Bloom-
field had accomplished all that could
be reasonably expected, and for lack
of sufficient evidence had been unable
to prosecute in many instances. Other
members believed that a more ag-
gressive policy should be adopted in
detecting and prosecuting criminal
offenses in Middletown.

There were two claims presented
against the dog fund. William Mac-
donald had a claim for \$69.50 for
eight geese killed and five bitten and
David Albrow had a claim of \$49.50
for fifteen chickens killed and two
bitten. They were granted orders on
the dog fund of Middletown, for the
amounts due them.

The following town officers were ap-
pointed:

Fence Viewers—Elisha A. Peck-
ham, Percy T. Bailey.
Auctioneers—Edward E. Peckham,
John Nicholson.

Committee in charge of Middle-
town Cemetery—Charles Peckham,
Robert M. Wetherell, Frank T. Peck-
ham.

Town Sealer—Alfred C. Anthony.

Weighers of Neat Cattle—Frank T.
Peckham, Restcom S. Peckham.

Pound Keeper—Thomas G. Ward.

Public Weighers—Joseph F. Mur-
phy, Edward J. Peckham, G. Alvin
Simmons.

Inspector of Petroleum—Thomas
G. Ward.

Commissioner of Wrecks—Rest-
com E. Peabody.

Chief of Police—Passed.

Police Constables—Fillmore Cog-
geshall, Alan R. Wheeler, G. Alvin
Simmons, John L. Simmons, Jr.,
Philip Caswell, M. Leroy Dennis, Ar-
thur A. Albrow, Charles S. Ritchie,
Leroy W. Peckham, Helen M. Wea-
ver.

Bird Constables—Charles H. Sis-
son, Daniel A. Peckham, Henry I.
Chase, Jr.

Tramp Constables—Elisha A. Peck-
ham, G. Alvin Simmons.

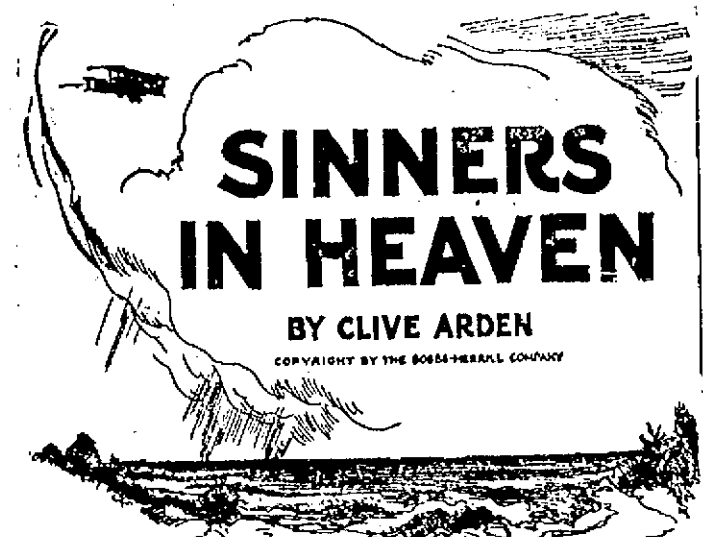
Health Officer—Thomas G. Ward.

Officer in charge of Burial of Vet-
erans—Charles Peckham.

Inspector of Beef and Pork—Rob-
ert M. Wetherell.

Coroner—William L. Brown.

Accounts were allowed and ordered
paid as follows:—American Surety
Co., for premium on bond of Tax
Collector, \$50; James Bloomfield, for
services as Chief of Police, \$32.50;
Arthur A. Albrow, for services as
police constable, \$4.00; Wm. F. Good-
win, for stamps, seals and testing
Standard weights and measures,
\$25.90; George A. Brown, for ser-
vices as watchman at Berkeley
School, \$4.00; Geo. H. Ellis & Sons,
for repairs to stove in Town Clerk's
office, \$9.00; The T. T. Pitman Corp.,
for advertising Tax Collector's no-
tice and election warrants, \$112.00;
Herald Publishing Co., for advertis-
ing notice of canvass meeting, \$16.00;
New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use
of three telephones during Novem-
ber, \$8.66; Newport Electric Corp.,
for electric light at Town Hall, \$4.61;
Louise H. Stewart, for assistance in
Town Clerk's office, 4 wks, \$40.00;
John H. Spooner, Jr., Henry I. Chase,
Jr., Frank Nunes, Jr., and Richard
H. Wheeler, for services as supervi-
sors at election, \$5.00 each; Charles
Peckham, for making out deeds of
burial lots, \$6.00; Robert M. Wether-
ell, for work in Middletown Ceme-
tery, \$32.63; Middletown Public
Health Association, for one month's
salary of nurse, \$100.00; Thomas
G. Ward, for services as janitor at
Town Hall, \$18.50; Thomas G.
Ward, for services as Town Ser-
geant, \$13.85.



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN
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Synopsis

PART I.—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and ardent place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Stockdale, rich and well connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft, Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cultivated conventions of her small town.

They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost.

PART II.—Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently a savage. Croft rescues her.

Croft discovers a party of blacks, evidently reconnoitering, but they leave without attempting to harm the pair. Croft recovers his aerial from the wrecked plane.

With the aid of the wireless Croft works on the superstitious fears of the natives and an attacking party is repulsed.

V

After the natives' attack, a new phase began between the pair. Paradoxical though it may sound, the hours which brought them so near together widened the gulf between them. Had that eventful night ended with the accidental discharge of the revolver, their daily life might have continued more or less placidly, like the waters of some river, with but an occasional rock obstructing its even course. But Croft's amazing lack of self-control had been like a huge stone hurled violently into the center of the river, causing ever-widening circles to extend. Intensified a hundredfold, all the fears of her first afternoon upon the island rushed riotously back. She became conscious of him as she had never been before; not only of the force of his will, but of the strength of the passions lying dormant under a cold exterior.

Nothing more had been said concerning the episode. Half expecting some kind of apology, she had decided, next morning, to accept it frigidly, drawing close the cloak of her own reserve and dignity.

But the apology never came. He did not appear at all until nearly midday, when he arrived with arms full of fresh fruit. Then it was he who seemed encased in a mantle of such icy reserve that her own attempts dwindled to mere foolishness. She took refuge in silence. A stone wall and ten miles of land might have divided them. He spent the afternoon fetching things over from the reef, leaving her severely alone.

This position endured for some days. He seemed to keep away as much as possible, and her loneliness became at times intolerable. But she learned many practical things. He taught her to create fire by friction with wood; to bake breadfruit—that substitute for a cereal in the South seas—in hot embers, then scoop out the interior; or preserve it by drying thin slices in the sun. She soon acquired primitive ways of preparing, with a campfire and a few old native vessels, the strange fish, birds and the fruits he brought.

Then, one day, he came striding down the slope, after being absent for hours, looking strangely haggard round the eyes. With disconcerting suddenness, in characteristic, brief sentences, he demanded more than suggested friendship between them.

"We can't go on . . . this life's unbearable . . ." His voice was unusually curt, the sentences were disjointed, his nerves evidently worn thin.

She was taken unawares, at a moment of deep depression, when everything seemed very dark. Not pausing to reflect on the possibility of similar suffering having impelled this request from one unaccustomed to beg, she shrunk back, her fears and suspicions crowding in.

"I'm afraid I can't trust your—friendship. I can't forget."

He looked at her queerly, with eyes that flashed in sudden anger.

"Don't it all! That was an exceptional night. Can't you understand?" But years of Puritan surroundings are not wiped out in less than a week.

"I'm afraid not. I—"

"Then you must lump it!" He turned away with an expressive shrug, and disappeared up the hill.

That was the only overture he ever made; and the strain between them increased.

Barbara welcomed anything which made work to absorb her thoughts. For the terrible feeling of impotence, the sheer helplessness, the loneliness, were ever below the surface, ready, all together or individually, to spring upon her at any moment.

A day arrived on which the onset

came "not singly but in battalions." She had been alone for hours. When Croft arrived, her spirits were below zero, her nerves frayed, her temper was not of the best. He glanced at her shrewdly, but appeared to notice nothing. Coming to the hut, he dropped a large coconut into her lap, where she sat outside the door.

"There you are, my child! Get busy!" he remarked casually.

Uncontrollable irritation, the result of solitary fretting, welled up within her. Impulsively she seized the coconut and hurled it down the beach. "Don't call me that! I'm not your 'child'—nor anything to do with you." There was a moment's silence; then he gave a little laugh.

"No, indeed! Let's thank the good Lord for that, at all events."

She looked up, dumfounded; but he had turned away into the hut.

So that was the position? Her dislike was returned in full! A sharp stab of hurt pride and desolation caused sudden tears to rise and roll down her cheeks. She scrambled to her feet and, out of sight among the brushwood, lay down and sobbed out her heart.

Croft got his own supper that night. He made no comment on her swollen eyes and lack of appetite. But when she took the large shells used for plates to wash in the lagoon, he rose, impulsively, to follow her. After a few steps, however, he paused uncertainly. With a little helpless shrug, he returned to the hut.

Each day he spent much time upon the reef, salving all that was possible



Seized the Coconut and Hurled It Down the Beach.

of the machine, until what remained was swept away one night by the tide. A dozen times a day, one or both climbed the hill and vainly searched the horizon—gathering, with dwindling hopes, more fuel to heap upon the growing pile which some day might flare into a beacon to attract a passing vessel.

The natives seldom ventured far from their settlement. Whenever Croft encountered one, the frightened wretch took to his heels. Only once did he meet one with sufficient courage to reply to the white man's questions. But, at the first allusion to ships and other white men, his fortitude gave completely away; with a wailing cry of fear, he turned and vanished among the trees, leaving Croft no wiser.

Barbara was haunted by thoughts of Hugh's suffering. To be alive, in splendid health, yet unable to inform those mourning her death, could be equaled only by a like impotence upon the other side of the grave to allay the sufferings of those beloved upon earth. After a lifetime, too, of inseparable companionship, this new existence, in which Hugh had no part, seemed strangely incomplete. Yet, paradoxically again, his presence was not needed here; he would have seemed as much out of place as the proverbial fish out of water.

Croft, on the other hand, appeared daily more suited to his environment, fitting in as if it were indeed his "natural sphere." Gradually, as the past grew fainter, her confidence returned. His apparent disinclination for her company, though reassuring in one way, piqued her in another. So she withdrew into her own shell; and the invisible wall grew higher between them, only occasional glimpses appearing, or thin places through which they came a little nearer. At these times the girl regretted her refusal of his one

frigidly overture.

It was one evening, two or three weeks after the natives' attack, that the largest chink in the wall appeared. The day had been unusually hot; and she strolled listlessly up to the river to bathe. With bare sunburned feet, and the revolver—without which she seldom stirred—stuck in her belt, she passed through the grove, through the tall dark avenues beyond, to the clearing by the water's edge. There she halted, amazed.

Face downward lay Croft, his dark head buried in his arms; beside him were one or two branches of banana; a couple of breadfruit had rolled, unnoticed, a few yards away.

Strangely embarrassed, Barbara hesitated, uncertain whether to go or stay. She was in the act of turning away, when he lifted his head and saw her.

For a moment both were silent. In his face was the look she had seen there on the morning after the wreck. He rose to his feet; and, conquering her embarrassment, she went toward him.

"What is it?" she asked earnestly. He looked down into the misty blue eyes raised, full of shy sympathy, to his face.

"What is it?" he repeated. "It—It! That's what it is." He stooped to pick up the fruit. "What are you doing here? Going to bathe?"

"I was," she replied, hesitatingly. "But—don't go. Can't we sit down and talk? It—it's so lonely."

Again he looked down into her eyes, almost hungrily. Nothing she could have said could have hit the mark with bolder aim. But he clenched his hands and put them behind him.

She gave a quick look at his gloomy face, threw pride to the winds, and plunged with her old impulsiveness.

"Can't we be—friends?" she asked. He remained silent, with hands still clasped at his back, watching her curiously.

"I thought you did not wish it," he remarked at last.

She sat down upon a rock, abstractedly picking out bits of the moss which covered it.

"I—I've—forgotten—that—" She paused, flushing. "If—we shared our thoughts more, things might not seem quite so bad," she suggested.

The ghost of a smile moved his lips. "You shall have more company soon. We are going to visit the natives. I have sent a message to the chief."

"About what?"

"To come to see me and be prepared to conduct us back to their settlement. To make friends."

"Friends! Those savages—"

"It's necessary. They leave us alone now through fear, which probably won't last. They will hate what they fear; and in time only the hate may remain. That's not the right keynote for a happy life here; is it?" He looked quietly up at her, with a smile full of hidden meaning.

"No," she flushed a little; then gave a dreary laugh. "But I can't imagine what could be, in these circumstances."

"Can't you?" He looked away at the water tumbling over the huge boulder, catching here and there flashes of sunlight through the network of branches overhead. "You were going to find out all about that, in crowded cities; weren't you?"

"About what?"

"What the keynote is which you have found missing to the vast harmony of creation."

She glanced at him in pensive surprise.

"How nicely you express it! I never realized it so clearly as that; it was all vague. Yes, I suppose that is what I felt. It's strange, but I haven't felt it so much here."

She watched him collect his fruit.

"Have you found the keynote?" she asked boldly.

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully; then answered, guardedly: "I know what it is. And I have only fully realized its necessity since—coming here! We all use substitutes out in the world. It has a lot of branches—or, rather, sub-keys. Perhaps few people ever discover it."

Well, Barbara, have you dip."

He was about to turn away; but, acting upon some impulse, paused behind her.

"Is it all very dreary for you—here? Do you hate it so much?"

There was a wonderful, unusual gentleness in his voice—an undercurrent of something, almost yearning, which touched her unaccountably.

"It's no worse for me than for you," she replied, responding to his tone in the natural generosity of her heart. He made no reply for a moment. Then, lightly, he pressed her shoulder with his hand.

"Come and tell me when the loneliness is too bad."

And he was gone, his footsteps dying away upon the loose twigs of bamboo cane.

She undressed and stood, fair and slim as Psyche, beside the water, a fresh interest awakened in her companion. As she lowered herself into the shimmering ripples, she resolved to follow up this talk, to press through this thin place of wall; and, by a process of subtle siege, win the friendship which all at once seemed extremely desirable.

But, as usual, disappointment met her efforts when next she assailed the wall. The gap proved to be firmly patched up, even barred across. It was impregnable. Baffled, she could only finger the bars and wonder.

The old chief appeared, keeping a safe distance, soon after receiving the white man's message. But an outbreak of sickness was raging in the settlement; therefore, much to the girl's relief, their visit was postponed. Having ascertained from him that no trade was carried on with other islands, that no ships came to the south, Croft

threw himself with renewed zest into the building of a new hut. As if to drown all thought, he worked incessantly, sometimes moodily silent, sometimes seeming keenly to enjoy the new comradeship that had established itself, little by little, between them. A month or more passed before the native chief's wrinkled black face appeared again, two warriors in attendance.

Croft thrust a hand through her arm, when they joined the natives; and again she was conscious of the old magnetic stimulation of his personality, which had sustained her during the first terrible nights and days.

VI

Fear and curiosity formed the chief elements of the unusual animation in the natives' settlement. Great bustle of preparation was in progress—spearing of fish, gathering of fruit, by men; while the smoke of many fires, ascending into the still air, indicated the occupation of the women.

Had not the chief ordered unlimited feasting to pacify the stomachs, music to delight the senses of the Terrible Ones? Bahuka, the stone god, looked incongruous among garlands of trailing vine and the feathery leaves of tree ferns. Before him stood the sacrificial table—a massive tree trunk stripped of its bark, upon which was piled a heap of dried sticks and undergrowth.

Bahuka ever demanded a sacrifice at full moon, and the moon was now at the full; and the people trembled, for the selection had been reserved for the Great White Chief, and who could tell what ruthless cruelties he might not exact?

Meaman sat by her sleek child and wept. People shunned her hut, although it was not yet proclaimed tabu. She knew well what was in their minds. With no superficial civilization causing them to hide their natural instinct of self-protection, they openly hailed this possible substitute for an offering. Some of her friends even haunted her with their hopes, if she appeared outside.

"A-aa! a-aa! Weep, Meaman! The little one is with thee for the day; but, a-aa! with the setting of the sun he shall become as the smoke curling up to the nostrils of the Great White Chief! Weep, Meaman!"

Yet she was one of themselves, and the child a favorite. She thought none the worse of them; they knew not the art of wearing double-faced masks.

Meanwhile, the dreaded visitors were being escorted with some dignity through the intricacies of the thick inland vegetation. Although obviously terrified, the old chief bore himself well, maintaining a natural dignity with his humility.

Chimabohi, emboldened by a friendly overture, put into words a question which had long troubled him.

"Where dwell thy tribe, O Mighty Chief?" he inquired, with some trepidation. "No white warriors were visible around thy dwelling upon the coral shore. Do they perchance, live in the rocks, or in holes deep within the earth?"

For a moment the other was mystified. Then, remembering the natives' tribal instinct, he seized this advantage and stood up, waving his arms as if to include the universe.

"My tribe," he explained equivocally, "is ever present; it ever surrounds us! Armed and ready at any moment to come to our aid, it waits, though invisible to mortal eye. Earthly habitation is not necessary for the White Chief's warriors."

The old native glanced about uneasily, a look of alarm overspreading his face. His sense of drama rising with the situation, Alan stretched out a regal hand.

"Peace, O Chief! Have no fear! They will not touch thee without my command."

"I and my tribe would be friendly to thee and thine. Why hast thou been hostile unto us? Why has thou so tempted the wrath of the gods who sent us hither, by greeting us with spear and arrow?"

Chimabohi beat his breast, looking fearfully at Croft.

"It was the Vow," he said in a low tone.

"The Vow? What vow?"

"The Vow of Vengeance—of Hate!" The old man rose, and walked to and fro, feverishly pulling his beard, obviously laboring under some strong emotion. At last he paused opposite them, and they saw tears upon his wrinkled black cheeks. "Hearken, Great Chief!" he said. "The white man came before, not many summers past. He came in great numbers, and he kill! A-aa! He let loose his magic, and he kill most of my tribe with his smoke! It hit them, making holes, leaving little hard ball-devils behind. Our homes were near thine own, even in the huts beside the waving palms. They also were shattered by the smoke and its ball-devils. My warriors lay dead, bleeding on the ground. Our women also, our little ones, they spared not!" He paused, overcome, for a moment.

Croft sat listening intently, with dawning comprehension.

"How did they come?" he asked.

"The lagoon was black with strange canoes. Great Chief. Beyond, near the big gap in the reef, floated an island. . . . A-aa! a strange sight, filling the bravest with fear—" He stopped, again overcome, and turned away.

Hastily Croft interpreted this conversation to the girl.

"Didst thou attack these white men first?" he asked.

The old man shook his head. "We feared their arrival! We but gathered together, outside our houses, to see the wondrous sight. The hand of Death has been heavy upon us, and we were

small in number, even then. That day, less than half were left alive. . . . My sons were all slain. . . .

"The d-d murderers!"

Chimabohi looked up, startled by this burst of vehement English. Croft controlled his indignation, making further inquiries, which elicited the answers he expected.

"They were all men," the native told him. "After they had killed, they fled away to their canoes. They were covered with dark clothing, each like unto each. When they spoke, they spoke strangely—here," he stroked his throat, "and their words were like the sounds made by one whose stomach is too full, and who must return somewhat lying therein."

This vivid description of the Tontonic tongue convinced his listener.

"Ha! The d-d Hunst! I thought as much." He again interpreted for the girl at his side. "Now let me think. We must turn this to our advantage. It proves what we talked about that evening by the river; doesn't it? The effects of our 'civilized' war were felt even here!" He ran his fingers through his hair, watching Chimabohi thoughtfully.

"And thy Vow was of vengeance upon all white men?"

"Even so, Great Chief."

"I'm!" . . . His fertile brain speedily conceived a plan which, if wild, was yet founded on fact.

"Chief," he began confidently, "those white men who murdered thy sons were an enemy tribe waging war against my tribe. And their ways were treacherous, their weapons terrible!"

Chimabohi was unusually intelligent for a native. Quick to grasp the meaning of this stranger, who spoke a dialect so much resembling his own, a flash of comprehension leapt into his eyes.

"And they came hither thinking to find thee here, Great Chief, so that they might slay thee?"

A smile lit up Croft's face. If not strictly accurate, this surmise would suit his purpose admirably.

"Even so! And, seeing thy tribe of a different hue, they were filled with fear and cried, 'Let us slay them!'—he had a vague impression of Biblical eloquence, but it translated very well—"And they slew all thy sons in their fear; then ran to thy boats. For their hearts are as the fermented breadfruit long stored in a pit."

Poising to refresh his oratory, he proceeded to picture their mutual enemy in lurid colors, assuring the chief of their downfall. This gave him another inspiration.

"The gods sent us hither to tell thee that thy Vow of Vengeance had already overtaken the tribe!" he announced coolly. "But, because thou earnest against us, we could not carry out our mission. The gods were angered, therefore, and visited thy tribe

with sickness. Thou hadst to learn the fear of us and our wrath. Therefore, Chief, see that thou and thine fall not again into sin by lifting thy hands against us, the friends of all the gods!"

This flow of eloquence made a tremendous impression upon Chimabohi. His relief was intense. That this god-like pair, with their wonderful powers, had come upon a mission of peace and friendship, inspired visions of renewed prosperity in his simple mind. Coming closer, he prostrated himself at their feet, in submission.

After this they set forth again. It was no longer difficult to make Chimabohi talk. His delight was almost childlike, resulting in a garrulity difficult at times to understand. But Croft realized that the little tribe, with the natives' melancholy sense of fatalism, had become convinced of its extinction, this conviction producing inertia. Apparently all attempts at civilization had ceased, with all forethought for future generations.

When they emerged from the southern end of the forest, the little colony of huts came into view.

"The huts are deserted," Barbara observed. "Where is everybody?"

"Dressing for dinner, perhaps," he suggested lightly. "Oh, lord! I am dry. And they won't supply a whisky and soda! Celestial life has its drawbacks."

"I wonder what they wear?"

"Who? Gods?"

"No. The natives—for dinner."

He gave a shout of laughter, causing Chimabohi to jump with fright.

"Oh, just a reed or two, maybe. What we may come to, yet."

Barbara said no more.

VII

The cause of the deserted appearance of the place was soon clear. Chimabohi led his guests around the western outskirts of the little settlement, toward the belt of verdure reaching down on that side almost to the lagoon. Here, in a large clearing used for council chamber, with carpet of moss, walls of lofty trees, roof frescoed with blue and green tracery, was assembled apparently the entire tribe.

Upon the white chief's appearance a wailing murmur arose, interspersed by the occasional frightened cry of a child. At a shout from their chief, they all fell upon their faces. Three times they raised their bodies, swaying backward, then down again to the earth. After the third prostration they rose to their feet, eying the strangers curiously, fearfully.

While the old chief launched into a lengthy oration, and as she watched the varying expressions upon their faces, it dawned upon Barbara that these might be, henceforth, the only human beings in her life! This appalling probability shocked her, as she realized it, with almost the effect of a sudden, reeling blow. Shuddering, she turned from the small dusky boulder and looked at Croft's fine physique. His head was averted, his attention entirely engrossed by Chimabohi's gabbling speech.

Conscious of mental nausea, like one drowning, she clutched at the only remaining link with life—the companion destined to the same fate. For the first time in her life she called him by name, grasping his arm:

"Alan!"

Quickly he turned, in astonishment. "Who may never see any other human beings!" she gasped.

With his usual swift penetration he understood, by the desperation in her voice and eyes, the overwhelming horrors raised by this thought. For a moment he hesitated; then, pulling her hand down into his, he clasped it close, saying nothing. At his reassuring touch the awful loneliness faded gradually, as the autumn mists when the sun breaks through.

A sudden outburst of exultant cries rent the air. The lengthy eulogy came to an end at last. The pathetic relief in every swartly breast manifested itself in wild leaps and jubilant shouts.

Croft, like Mr. Micawber, was not slow in seizing an opportunity for eloquence. Raising his free hand to command silence, he glibly recited off other duties assigned to him.

It was, he stated confidently, the gods' desire that he and his wife should live upon the island to assist the tribe in the recovery of its strength and prosperity. This provoked more uproarious shouting.

"They would have you to cultivate again the taro plant, which now is as a weed; weave much tapestry for your huts from the reeds; dry the sliced kernels of the coconut; cultivate the cotton seed. Then, perchance, when we remove to other lands, we shall send great ships hither with wondrous gifts in return for the fruits of your toil! Further shouts arose. "The gods would have us to visit freely your habitations and show you how to prevent the pestilences which devour your numbers."

This program was vociferously acclaimed; but Croft's experience of natives was too wide to allow of reliance upon their momentary enthusiasm. Flashing a stern glance around, he awed them into silence.

"If all this is done peacefully," he continued, in threatening tones, "ye shall rest in safety. But if again your hands are lifted against us, your bodies shall be burned afresh with blue fire-devils! Your women shall be slain; your little ones thrown to the sharks! The wrath of your god will I bring down," waving his hand threateningly skyward, "and turn you into tortured slaves, if ever again ye molest the great white chief or his wife!"

Fear overcame the natives' enthusiasm. They fell on their faces again, babbling incoherently of obedience and mercy. He motioned them to rise; then he drew back, satisfied. He had established comparative safety for them both, for the time being at all events, and explained the scene to Barbara, exultantly.

This introduction over, Chimabohi now informed his guest of his privilege in choosing the great sacrifice to be offered up at the close of the feast. Should the great white chief decide upon human sacrifice—The old man waved toward the crowd of faces, watching in tense apprehension: "All are here, O Mighty Chief."

Upon this arose a chorus of discontented cries, mixed with shouts of "Meaman! Meaman!" The natives pressed forward in eager anxiety.

Chimabohi glanced up quickly.

"Where is Meaman? I see her not. Where is Roowa, her husband? And Laalo, her son?"

A little black figure was thrust roughly forward. He glanced round, fearfully, uncertain whether to cry or prove the manhood of his five years. Deciding upon the former course, his eyes, in the act of screwing up, encountered those of the white girl watching him curiously; and he paused, gazing at her, his mouth open. She smiled. A wondering grin slowly spread his small implish face, and he moved nearer, looking up at her with childish adoration.

For the first time Barbara felt the humanity behind the repulsive exterior of these folk. She held out her free hand. The little fellow came shyly toward it, but some one roughly pulled him back; and she remembered, with some amusement, that she was tabu!

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SINNERS IN HEAVEN

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linently more intelligent than that of many of his fellows, slowly advanced. Croft watched him closely.

"Roowa!" cried Chinnahol, "where are Meama and thy babe, that they obeyed not the command to greet the great white chief?"

Many eager voices broke in, before he could reply.

"The babe is sick, O Chief!"

"The scourge, O Chief! It is again in the house of Roowa! Let the great white chief save us from the scourge, in the Sacrifice of the Full Moon tonight!"

Roowa uttered a great cry, and fell on his knees before Croft, eyes wild, arms outstretched, babbling protestations and piteous supplications.

The white man fully realized the craftiness of these fellows, also the delicacy of his own position, with the necessity of causing no offense in this first action as overlord. His face set in its most determined, impenetrable lines; his eyes flashed round on all present, inspiring fear in the hearts of those upon whom they occasionally rested. Recognizing at last the man he sought, he motioned him forward.

Larger than most, more brutal of countenance, Barbara quickly recognized her late pursuer.

"What is he called?" Croft demanded of Chinnahol.

"Bahama, O Greatest of Chiefs!"

The two men regarded each other silently; and in the look of the native Croft recognized hatred and defiance, in spite of the fear lurking in the bold eyes which met his own.

A dull murmur arose, in which his ear was quick to note hostility. The old chief's face was full of anxiety as he stepped forward, pulling his beard nervously.

"Few have so straight an aim as Bahama, Great Chief. He is of kin to my house. He will become chief in my stead. Almy," he added in a low voice, "would have him now; for I am old and my heart is dead with my sorrow."

"He hath not found favor in my sight," replied the gods' messenger curtly, frowning upon the wretch, whose expression of defiance was rapidly fading. "He hath raised his eyes and his hand to the white chief's wife!" he thundered, glaring ferociously at the now trembling figure.

Like a sudden breeze rippling over a group of poplars, a breath of fear swept across the listening crowd. Bahama began a stream of gabbling protest: he was unaware of the stuffiness of his action; he had not seen the great chief nor heard of his mission from the gods; it was the Vow.

Croft waved him away.

"Thou knowest now. Take heed, overbold one!" Then he turned to Roowa, still on his knees in despair.

"Roowa," he asked, "thou lovest thy little ones?"

"A-aa! As myself, Mighty Chief!"

The look in his eyes touched Barbara. It was another glimpse into a human soul, although as yet she understood nothing of his trouble.

"It is well. Take heart, Roowa! My will is not to offer up thy sick babe; but to go with thee now to thy hut, and, perchance, cure the child."

The joy which transfigured the native's face was indescribable. Upon the dismissal of the tribe, he led the visitors to his hut, incoherent in his excitement. As Croft had guessed, the child only suffered from fever, needing more air and cleanliness—the filth and stench being abominable. Ordering those necessities, he produced from his pockets one of his fever antidotes, Meama watching him in terrified bewilderment; then he precipitately pushed Barbara out into the fresh air again.

The feast, to which they were now led, was spread upon the ground in an open space between the huts and the lagoon. Only the men squatted round to eat, the women—occupying a lower position—waited upon them, with the pleasant expectation of finishing their leavings.

At the end of the feast the pair became aware that all eyes were fastened on them. The sun had set. The sacrifice must be decided upon. An air of anxiety, of strained expectation, was manifest.

Croft's wits had not been slumbering. "Our gods have told me," he informed Chinnahol confidentially, "that thy god, Bahuka, doth not hunger for the flesh of man this moon; neither doth he desire fish or bird to be offered unto him. He desireth to taste the dishes thou hast prepared for those who have sailed here from the skies. All that we have left unaten shall thou collect, therefore, and offer unto him. It is food fahu to those sent by the gods; therefore doth he require it beyond all other food."

This distinct greediness seemed more in character with a peevish child than a celestial being; but to Chinnahol it appeared natural enough. He communicated the decision to the tribe, which showed vociferously its unmistakable relief.

The ambrosial remains were therefore gathered together and placed in receptacles of platted reeds. Lighted reed torches were produced for everybody, and the procession set forth, headed by the old chief and the white visitors. Turning westward through the council chamber, they bore a little inland to the sacred palm grove.

Within a few moments the torches had formed two wavy lines of light, as the natives divided upon either side of the central path. The leaders of

the sacrifice advanced up the center and laid it upon the unlighted bonfire; the musicians squatted on the ground near the altar, beginning again their uncanny music.

The preliminary rites ceased, and Chinnahol turned to Croft.

"Thou, O Great White Chief, shalt make the flames arise, straight and high! Thus shall we know that our sacrifice is accepted by our god."

The great white chief inclined his head. Stepping forward with the assurance of one used to guiding sacrificial flames from childhood, he advanced to the altar, Barbara watching him in astonishment. There he paused for a solemn moment—whether to give the effect of reverence, or to grasp some elusive memory, or from sheer joy in the situation, she could not tell.

Slowly, at last, he raised his arms, waving the flaring torch high above his head. Then he embarked upon a short display of physical drill, as if invoking the spirits of an unseen host. It impressed the natives into awestruck silence, while filling the girl with an almost irrepressible desire to laugh. After this performance, he bent slowly down and held his torch to the heap of dry sticks and leaves. Immediately the fire caught on, crackling and flaring, sending up leaping yellow flames and thick curling smoke into the southern vault above.

This instant and splendid conflagration was a sign of the offering being acceptable to Bahuka. Another burst of excited incantation broke from the assembly, the musicians once more blowing upon their reeds and shells. The torches flared, the bonfire belled forth thick gusts of flame and smoke, its roar mingling with the music and wild singing.

At last the flames reached the sacrifice and the air was filled with the smell of burning food.

A great shout went up. The god was even now eating of their offering! Health and prosperity would be theirs for at least the duration of this moon! The music abruptly ceased; the dancers sank breathless to the ground; an awed hush fell upon the gathering.

When the fire had died down to a glowing heap of red embers, the silence broke stormily in an outburst of joyous hilarity. The procession started back to the settlement, the riotous merriment continuing all the way, the waving torches making the moon seem pale by contrast.

At a small hut on the outskirts Chinnahol paused, intimating that it was the best they could offer and would in future be tabu to the great white chief. Then the revelers dispersed, the torches flickering like miniature fires among the neighboring huts. The man and the girl were left alone.

The barbaric excitement still tingled in their veins and shone in their eyes, when, for a moment, they looked at each other. Instinctively Barbara caught her breath, putting her hand to her throat, as if to wrestle with something choking her; her torch fell to the ground.

"We-we—can't stay—here!" she muttered, half to herself.

She felt his hand upon her arm; the touch sent a wild tremor through her



"We—We—Can't Stay—Here!"

entire frame. It was as if in her wrought-up state, an electric wire had touched her, imparting strange currents which, with waves of magnetism, dragged her close within their field, while simultaneously repelling her with an unknown fear. Feebly she resisted, but his grip tightened, pulling her across the threshold.

"The natives are watching!" he muttered in her ear.

His torch showed the interior to be small and bare, the sole contents being two rolls of reed-matting or "tapestry." Looking her, he fixed the torch in the ground and took up one of these heaps.

"They roll themselves in this, to sleep," he said. "It will make a substitute for a door."

She mechanically helped him to fix it across the opening. Like revelers in a Continental carnival, the natives were too much excited to settle down for the night; the noise outside was still hoarse.

Alan, the same primitive tingling in his blood, talked rather wildly as he arranged the cover.

"We are savages now! Conventions don't count here. As you remarked, these may henceforth be our sole companions. And they regard you as my wife—remember!" Finishing his job, he turned round, his eyes glittering in

From that day another paradoxical phase opened before them. For, though they now had many surface interests in common to heighten their companionship, the wall between was yet more strengthened. And, this time, it was the girl who unconsciously built up the crumbling bricks with hasty fingers, not daring to look at that yawning precipice beyond.

From a pocket-book diary they were able to keep count of the days and nights which flitted by so rapidly now. The natives left them alone; save when, at Croft's command, they brought rolls of reed-matting, or swords, spears, implements. Only once, as he knew well, still hid defiance under the cloak of submission, hiding his true.

Thus, for a while, all danger seemed past. Barbara, blissfully unconscious of any flaw in this pact of friendship, lost her fear of these childlike folk. Having proved the effect of a random shot from the revolver, she felt safe.

One evening, shortly before Christmas day, having prepared their supper, she wandered down to the shore, waiting for Alan's arrival. Sitting idle upon a rock, she watched the spray and foam glistening in the sunshine against the distant reef, her thoughts occupied by a variety of small things—chief among them being a cotton-tail future! The constant mending of their combined wardrobe had drained her slender resources of thread. Pins had been resorted to that day. Alan sat on one and swore loudly; she smiled lingeringly over her recollection.

Her face sobered and she leaned forward, then rose quickly to her feet. Slowly moving through the clear water, not far from the shore, appeared a large gray outline suggesting in its general shape an albatross. Barbara drew in her breath quickly, watching the silent bulk glide slowly by until, making a large circuit, it disappeared in the direction of the reef.

It was, she guessed, a shark.

For the first time the remembrance dawned upon her of islands in the Pacific ocean being often shark-infested; the recollection brought, in a flash, full realization of the risks Alan took when he swam with her to land.

With another climatic tumult of mind, she remembered Alan's further risks when saving all necessities for their comfort, his stubborn refusal of her offers of help, his stringent commands against bathing in the lagoon.

She realized, too, his consideration in not mentioning this horrible danger to add to her dread of those which already menaced their lives.

A wave of gratitude—or admiration—swept over her, and she covered her face, hiding the hot involuntary blush, shuddering at the sudden, unbearable glory of sky and sea.

Presently, lowering her hands, she turned her glowing face inland.

With a gasp, she grew rigid.

A heavy cloud of smoke hung in dense plumes over the hilltop! Even as she looked, a long jagged flame leapt up, then another, and another. The beacon was on fire!

She gazed at it, fascinated. What did it mean? Rescue at last? The rescue for which they had looked, and longed, and lived, all those weeks and months.

Suddenly, like a heavy cloak, all the previous excitement and exultation fell from her.

A feeling as of a cold wind, full of vague foreboding, chilled her heart in that warm evening air.

The dim light. "You must play up, too, for—your own sake. . . . What is it, Barbara. . . . What's the matter? Why—do you look at me—like that?" He caught both her wrists.

"We-we—can't stay—here!" she muttered again, not moving in his grasp.

"But we—we've shared a hut before—all these weeks! Why are you afraid now? Tell me!" He bent over her.

"Tell me, Barbara."

"I can't. . . . I don't know. . . . I—I'm not—" Desperately she tried to withdraw her hands and eyes from his. She felt powerless, as if she were slipping down some precipice into roaring torrents which would engulf her, sweep her away from every known landmark. This was utterly different from that other night's fear. Then it had been fear of him, and tangible. Now it was subtle, terrifying, and—of herself, in some strange way.

He drew her suddenly closer; but, with all the strength of her will, she flung herself back in his grasp.

"Don't—touch me! I don't—understand—Oh. . . . Alan—help us both!"

The cry was one of desperation. It startled him. For a long moment he gazed deep within her darkened eyes, the blood mounting in his face, throbbing in his temples, his very lips trembling. Then, almost violently, but with a strange look of exultation, he let her go.

"I'll go and see if—if—all's safe outside," he stammered.

She heard him leave the hut; and she sank down in the far corner, trembling violently. . . . She heard him enter later; and she buried her head in her arms.

He threw himself down across the threshold without a word.

From outside, the noise of the revelers still came to their ears, growing gradually fainter. . . . and fainter. . . . until, at last, silence fell.

VIII

After that memorable night, Barbara and Alan had walked back together early next morning. Alan for the most part silent, Barbara talking feverishly of the natives' feast, music, rites—anything to prevent awkward pauses.

(To be continued)

Siamese Use No Pockets

Siamese clothes have no pockets and watches attached to chains seldom are carried there.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

English at Home

"When I was cycling through England," writes H. B. W., "I started off one morning to ride from Clacton to St. Osyth. After a while I became uncertain about the road and meeting a laborer I inquired, 'Am I right for St. Osyth?' The man looked puzzled and said he never heard of any such place. "A second wayfarer whom I asked was equally ignorant. Then came a third. This fellow scratched his head, but presently a look of comprehension dawned upon his face. 'Ay, to be sure. I have it now—it's Snosey ye mean!'" —New Haven Register.

College and University

The college has about the same relation to a university that a state has to the federal government—that is, as a rule, many colleges go to make a university. The term university, however, has been used loosely in the United States, sometimes applied to an institution offering non-professional instruction beyond the bachelor's degree and having affiliated professional schools.

Futile Talkers

Talkers and futile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal, for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral; and in this part it is good, that a man's face gives his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness, and betraying by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.—Francis Bacon.

Puts Faith in Airplane

For the first time in missionary work the Lutheran church of America proposes to use the airplane. Dr. E. A. Lute, formerly of the British aviation service, is to be the pioneer missionary aviator and will make his headquarters in Liberia. From there he will visit several uncharted districts in the heart of the black continent. He says that the sight of an airplane will be like a miracle to the natives and ought to establish his reputation at once as something at least akin to the supernatural.

Foot Palmistry

A somewhat celebrated psychic crystal gazer and palmist of Los Angeles, who has gained fame through her many fulfilled predictions regarding the destinies of professional people who are famous in America and abroad, has launched a new art, on which she has spent the past two years in deep study—an art which she terms "solestry," the science of foretelling one's fate by the soles of the feet.

Homes and Happiness

"Home building for happiness" might be a slogan for the "better homes" movement. Happiness is what a home builder really hopes for.—Mrs. Douglas White.

Some Mouthful

Yorkshire Paper—The farmer of today is no simple Hodge with a spade, a fork, a cart, a plow and a wisp of straw in his mouth.—Boston Transcript.

Tip

The safe automobile driver is the man who assumes that every other driver is also a dandypool and acts accordingly.—Lexington Herald.

Seven Wise Sayings

The "Sayings of the Seven Wise Men" are the mottoes which were inscribed in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi and were "Know thyself," by Simon of Athens; "Consider the end," Chilo of Sparta; "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin," Thales of Miletos; "Most men are bad," Bias of Priene; "Avoid excess," Cleobolus of Lindus; "Know thine opportunity," by Pittacus of Miletos; "Nothing is impossible to industry," by Perikander of Corinth.

Electrical Ice Machines

A thousand tons of ice are made electrically every day by a New York city artificial ice company. This concern has been in business since 1890 and used steam power to operate its plant. Now, instead, electrical energy supplied by a service company at 13,000 volts converts water drawn from city water mains into 300-pound cakes of ice.

Safety for Milk Drinkers

Sterilization is a process by which the temperature of milk is raised high enough or maintained long enough to destroy all germs and spores. This method is seldom employed because it gives the milk a boiled taste. In pasteurization the temperature used is high enough only to destroy most germs, including disease germs, such as those of tuberculosis and typhoid.

Clock as Money Box

A savings bank in the United States is making a present of a clock to every new depositor. It is a timepiece of a peculiar kind, and is really a combination of a clock and a safe. It needs rewinding every 24 hours, but before it can be rewound a coin must be inserted. The owner is thus compelled to add something to his savings every day.—London Tit-Bits.

When Canaries Molt

Canaries renew their feathers once a year. Adults molt late in the summer. Young birds molt the juvenile body plumage after leaving the nest, but keep the first growth of wing and tail feathers for a year. Canaries are somewhat dull and stupid while molting, and should be disturbed as little as possible.

Wonderful Victoria Falls

The great river Zambezi, after flowing for miles through a level country in Rhodesia, suddenly disappears in a chasm less than 400 feet wide and creates one of the world's wonders, Victoria falls. About a mile from end to end the falls are divided by many islands and projecting rocks forming the Devil's cataract.

The Important Points

It is nearly always a mistake to listen to a woman; a man rarely learns anything from what she says. Her manner, her hesitations, her expression, and particularly what she doesn't say, are all far more important.—From "On the Veranda," by Holloway Horn.

Quite Properly

"Our diamonds have the same purity, the same weight and the same sparkle as the genuine article, and in order to make the imitation perfect, we sell them for exactly the same price."—Le Roy Blas (Paris).

Comet Pays Regular Visits

Halley's comet returns periodically about every 76.8 years. It was first observed about the year 240 B. C., and its most recent appearance was in 1910. It has been popularly called Halley's comet since 1758.

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLLEN S

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 50 per cent. less than our regular prices. These we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee to make up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street
NEWPORT, R. I.

Simultaneous Ideas

Darwin originated the natural selection theory of evolution, so far as he himself was concerned, but it is a curious fact that by an extraordinary coincidence Alfred Russel Wallace formulated the same theory at the very same time of its utterance by Darwin. Both men published articles presenting this theory in the same number of the Journal of the Linnean society in 1858.

Also a Counter Irritant

A feminine newspaper writer says no two people can live together in matrimony without friction and without getting on each other's nerves. But people must marry, and some of them must live together, friction or no friction, nerves or no nerves. It seems to us that under such circumstances children are not only a great help, but necessary.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

Growth of Post Office

Benjamin Franklin was the first head of the postal system of the United States. When he took over the affairs of his office, there were 73 post offices, with an aggregate postal revenue of \$30,000 a year. Today we have more than 53,000 post offices and about 300,000 employees. The aggregate revenue collected and expended amounts to about \$800,000,000 annually.

Deception Justified

"What in the world did you mean by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?" inquired the mother with some warmth. "Forgive me, mother," said Dorothy, "but Mr. Brown seemed to be on the point of proposing and I felt that it would not do to take any risks. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

Least He Could Do

"Do you stand back of every statement you make in your newspaper?" asked the timid little man. "Why—er—yes," answered the country editor. "Then," said the little man, holding up a notice of his death, "I wish you would help me collect my life insurance."—Capper's Weekly.

No Scotch Trespass Law

Although Scotland is known for its many regulations and laws that regulate human conduct, it has one distinction in the way of human liberty not shared by many other countries. In Scotland there is no law of trespass and indications are that there will be none for many years.

Dog Finds Gold

A boy was playing with a dog near the old Hill End field at Sydney, when the dog scratched up a sample of gold. Investigation showed a reef carrying three ounces of gold to the ton, and a battery was promptly installed.

Guests of the Library

A book, a pipe, a fire on a chilly night, with guests that come unbidden from realms of golden dreams to share your humble fireside—what greater blessing could you ask, in perfect peace and measureless content?

Destiny Called

Herder and Schiller both in their youth intended to study as surgeons; but Destiny said, "No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body—heal the deeper!" And they wrote.—Richter.

Look Yourself Over, Old Boy

If you're not satisfied with your lot in life, think before you send her back to her mother. Perhaps your quotation in her market isn't what you put it at.—Wall Street Journal.

Defy Approach of Age

Robert Louis Stevenson gives good advice when he says: "Cling to your youth; it is an artist's stock in trade; do not give up that you are aging and you won't age."

The Greater Deed

He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater store of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.—Zoroaster.

Qualities That Live

The best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.—Wordsworth.

Wisdom of Maturity

As we grow older we doubt the wisdom of working hard to let the children have an easier time.—Birmingham News.

Perpetual Motion

Making hay while the sun shines and raising mushrooms in the dark.—Kansas City Star.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established 1855
The Mercury.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Telephone 151
House Telephone 1041

Saturday, November 22, 1924

The next Congress will be a "dry" one. The General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League says that 320 of the 432 members of the next House that were endorsed by the League were elected.

Up in New Hampshire they make everybody, both male and female, pay a poll tax, regardless of whatever property they may pay. If they do not pay by a certain date they go to jail. A woman was lately jailed in that state for not paying the poll tax. She paid under protest, was released from jail, and now she brings suit against the state to test the constitutionality of the poll tax law for women.

Four years ago Harding carried one Southern state, Tennessee, with twelve electoral votes. This year Tennessee went back to her first love and gave the Democratic candidate her twelve votes, but to offset this Kentucky concluded to come with Coolidge and she gives him her thirteen votes, so the Republicans gain one vote by the change of states. A thing which never happened before in any Southern state, Kentucky will be represented in the United States Senate by two Republican Senators.

The total cost of Uncle Sam's warships which are to be scrapped would have been when completed \$394,050,000. The amount already spent on them which goes for nothing was \$96,774,423. Which is some money to throw into the deep. The claim is made that this nation did not have a fair show in this scrapping treaty. It was expected that Great Britain and the United States would share 50-50 in the remaining warships when, in fact, the British navy will have left a battle fleet of twenty-six ships with a gun range of 24,000 yards, while the United States will have only five ships of that capacity. This is manifestly unfair.

The silver dollar, of the cart-wheel variety, will soon be strongly, not to say heavily, in evidence. According to Secretary Mellon, the United States aims to put forty millions of these silver dollars in circulation at an early date. He expects thereby to save one million dollars in the expense of printing and issuing paper dollars. The silver dollar costs about one cent to mint, and will last forever, approximately, while a paper dollar costs one and seven-tenths cents to print and will last, on the average, about four months. Some of the paper dollars we sometimes see look as though they might have been printed before the Civil War.

A conference committee, composed of the party leaders of both branches of the General Assembly, has been at work this week trying to arrange some plan upon which all could agree and thus bring this eleven months' session of the legislature to a close. The Republican members insist that the appropriation bill should be passed and leave all other matters to the next session of the Assembly, which meets January 6. An adjourned session of this conference committee was to be held Friday afternoon, when it was thought some agreement could be reached, whereby the Democratic filibuster of the past ten months could be brought to an end and the "exiled" senators could return once more to the bosoms of their families.

The coming U. S. Senate will be made up more largely of new, or comparatively new, men than any previous Senate in many years. Of the ninety-six members of the new senate only twenty-three have seen over ten years service and a larger number than for many years will enter that body for the first time this year. New England will fall far in the rear as regards old men. It is a little singular that three of the New England states should lose senators by death. Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts will all be represented when Congress comes together in December by new men. Senator Colt of Rhode Island, Senator Braniff of Connecticut and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, have died since this Congress adjourned some months ago. Rhode Island and Massachusetts have filled the vacancies by election and appointment. Connecticut will soon hold an election to fill the vacancy in that state.

MORE EVIDENCE OF THE INEQUALITY OF THE PRESENT ELECTORAL SYSTEM

We showed last week that although Rhode Island cast a bigger vote than some half a dozen Southern states, her vote in the electoral college is smaller than the smallest Southern state. We go further with figures today and show how totally unequal and unjust is the present system of electing a President. For instance, the Southern states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia, all combined, cast 1,047,021 votes. The state of Massachusetts cast 1,142,300 votes, 95,345 more than all of the Southern states mentioned. Yet these eight Southern states have 82 votes in the electoral college, while Massachusetts has but 18. New Jersey, with only 14 electoral votes, cast a bigger total vote than did all these Southern states. New England, with a total of 44 electoral votes, cast 2,223,271 votes at the polls on November 4, which is 129,223 more than double the Southern vote with its 82 electoral votes. If these figures show anything, they show a monster injustice in the method of electing a President and Vice President. The South this year cast a much smaller vote than four years ago, while nearly every Northern state cast a much larger vote this time than ever before. Rhode Island cast this year 209,492 votes, which was 70 per cent. of her entire voting strength. New Hampshire cast 70 per cent. of her total voting strength. This was the largest percentage of the New England states, but most of the Northern states cast 50 per cent. of its total voting strength and upwards. In the South, South Carolina cast 8 per cent., Georgia and Mississippi cast each 10 per cent. and the other states in about the like proportion. To carry this comparison still further, Rhode Island cast 209,492 votes and has 5 votes in the electoral college. The states of South Carolina, Mississippi and Arkansas combined cast about the same vote and have 27 electoral votes.

They say comparisons are odious; these would seem to be all that, and then more so.

The cold weather of the middle of the past week is almost an unprecedented frigid visitation for this period of the year. Weather observers report this the coldest weather in the month of November for 50 years. Reports from various parts of northern New England report the thermometers ranging from 4 to 8 below zero. In Rhode Island the weather was by no means a herald of balmy spring. The coldest report we have for Newport is 10 above, but in Providence and in some of the towns in the northern part of the state the record shows the thermometer hovering near to the zero mark.

The number of fatal accidents in this country last year totaled 83,772; enough to wipe out the cities of Newport and Woonsocket and then leave ten thousand to apply to some other portion of the country. Of these deaths the automobile claimed the largest share. The number of automobile fatal accidents amounted to 15,714. Accidental falls came next with 15,352 victims. Railroads came in for their share, which amounted to 5,078. The remainder are attributable to a multitude of causes.

A man in a movie show in Jersey City the other night thought he was squeezing the hand of his best girl when he squeezed that of the woman sitting next him. It proved to be a sad mistake, for the woman whose hand was squeezed flashed a light on him and showed herself to be a Jersey City police woman assigned to the theatre. The heartless judge before whom the victim of the mistake was brought sentenced him to ninety days in jail for the offense.

The city of Philadelphia had a snow storm last week which buried all the flowers in Fairmount Park, and made the surrounding country look like the frozen regions of the North. The warm weather previous had brought out the foliage like spring weather. No rain in that section for more than thirty days previous to the snow storm.

Johnson City, a small town in northern New York, has had 113 small pox cases within the past two months. Nineteen new cases developed there in one day last week. They are said to be in a mild form.

Ireland is beginning to take an interest in baseball. Twenty persons assembled to witness a game played in Dublin by the Giants and White Sox.

METCALF OFFICIALLY NOTIFIED OF HIS ELECTION

The State Returning Board has been busily at work for the last ten days counting the ballots cast at the election November 4. They do this work the more cheerfully at the present time from the fact that they see not only a good prospect for speedy pay for the present work, but also because they expect to receive the long-delayed back pay, held up by the Democratic filibuster. Monday they finished the count of the ballots for the short term of United States Senator. They found that Metcalf had received 116,672 votes, Flynn 88,138, Reid 1214, and Sullivan 845. Metcalf's plurality was 28,434. Which ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most exacting.

The Board discovered in the count 1000 defective ballots and 8,293 blank ballots. This is certainly a bad showing for the voters of Rhode Island. It seems almost incredible that on a ballot with only one name there should be one thousand defective and over eight thousand blank out of a total of 216,007. It is evident that before they vote again each voter should attend at least a six months school of instruction.

The returning board is working its slow way along with the rest of the state and national tickets. The votes thus far counted show a slight increase for the Republican candidates over the warblers' count, and in most instances, a slight decrease in the votes for the Democratic candidates. The change is not enough to make any difference in the final result. Coolidge ran far ahead of any state officer and Davis fell far behind his Democratic colleagues on the state ticket, which is pretty good evidence that many Democrats voted for Coolidge. His plurality on the votes thus far counted is 5279, while the plurality for Governor in the same districts is 2141.

Most of the Massachusetts cities and towns pay good sized taxes. For instance, the tax rate in Brockton is \$39.80 on a \$1,000. In Malden it is \$35, in Danvers it is \$34, in Salem it is \$33.60, and in a majority of the larger cities and towns of the state the rate is \$30 and over. We think the taxes in this city are enormous, and they are, but Massachusetts cities overtop them by a large majority. Greater economy must be practiced or our New England cities will eventually go bankrupt. Since this mongrel charter of ours has been in force the taxes have increased from \$8 to \$21.50 on a \$1,000, and the city debt has been increased several hundred per cent and the end is not yet. The taxes, as high as they are, do not meet the city's expenses. There is not a year passes that the city has not hired money to meet its obligations. We can well ask, as does a prominent Massachusetts paper, "What are we coming to?"

The people of the United States are some better eaters. The Department of Agriculture says that in the past nine months we have consumed 1,516,690,000 pounds of the article, and that the amount consumed is increasing in about the same rate. Every individual is supposed to have consumed in the past year seventeen pounds of butter and drank fifty-three gallons of milk.

There are now 29 widows of the veterans of the War of 1812 still living and on Uncle Sam's pension roll. The oldest name on the pension roll is that of Mahala Huff, who is 105 years old. She lives in a small town in Kentucky.

James Lacey, the President's shoemaker friend, was beaten in his race for the state legislature. Massachusetts voters are conservative folk, who think a good cobbler should stick to his last.

Weekly Calendar NOVEMBER 1924

STANDARD TIME						
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
22 Nov	4:44	4:42	4:39	4:35	4:31	4:28
23 Nov	4:45	4:43	4:40	4:36	4:32	4:29
24 Nov	4:46	4:44	4:41	4:37	4:33	4:30
25 Nov	4:47	4:45	4:42	4:38	4:34	4:31
26 Nov	4:48	4:46	4:43	4:39	4:35	4:32
27 Nov	4:49	4:47	4:44	4:40	4:36	4:33
28 Nov	4:50	4:48	4:45	4:41	4:37	4:34
29 Nov	4:51	4:49	4:46	4:42	4:38	4:35

First quarter, 3rd, 6:25 evening
Full moon, 11th, 7:22 morning
Last quarter, 19th, 5:10 evening
New moon, 27th, 5:37 evening

Deaths.
In this city, 16th inst., Charles E. Beane.
In this city, 18th inst., Roland J. Easton, in his 70th year.
In this city, 17th inst., May V. Creswell, in her 17th year.
In this city, 17th inst., William B. Franklin, in his 84th year.
In Fall River, 15th inst., Robert Place, husband of Lola M. Sayer, in his 61st year.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, Nov. 22, 1924.—The week following date of this bulletin is expected to bring very severe weather to most parts of Canada and the United States. Moisture will still be coming from the northern Pacific Ocean and most precipitation from this storm wave will fall between latitudes 40 and 60 and west of longitude 90, on western and northwestern slopes of mountains and high ridges. This storm wave holds some promise of moisture for that great dry area that includes Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi and is the most promising period that region has had for some time past; the thousands of miles that moisture is having to travel before reaching this area, from the principal point of evaporation, would suggest that, for some time to come, sections five and nine and west half of six will have slight chance to receive sufficient moisture. Chance is the correct word for this situation in the section outlined above as well as that area east of the Appalachian mountains that has been so dry; have only the chance of receiving moisture that has travelled from that far northwestern point without having been precipitated by one of the many high points en route. Considerable relief is expected in south-central United States during the last week of December, as one of the minor evaporation areas moves up close enough that the severe storm wave of that week should be able to draw some moisture and mark it for Texas and the south. With the great North American drought only five months away, the present large areas of rainfall shortage are not encouraging to 1925 production.

December promises two very severe storm periods during the weeks centering on 9 and 23. Both of these storm periods are expected to be accompanied by excessive precipitation north of latitude 40 and west of longitude 90; and will be followed by severe winter weather over the greater part of the continent. First half of December will average about normal temperatures and last half much below normal. Minor disturbances will cross continent during weeks centering on December 3, 10 and 27, but the force of December weather is expected to be concentrated into the storms of 9 and 23.

wwwmne-heck-

THE GREATEST ECLIPSE IN CENTURIES

On January 24 next the inhabitants of this section of the world will be treated to a sight not seen before in this region since Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492. It will be a total eclipse of the sun, when the moon gets between us and the sun and cuts off all the light we get from that body.

An eclipse is not a rare event, one or two occur every year, but the one next January is notable for the fact that it occurs in a territory from which the light of the sun has not been wholly obscured by the moon within the memory of anyone living.

"If we look over the records of past eclipses," Professor Brown of Yale College said, "and the predictions for future eclipses, we soon see that in any one place there will be a total eclipse of the sun only once in every few hundred years. The coming eclipse will produce darkness over a narrow band of territory which stretches from a point somewhat west of Duluth and, after crossing Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, is seen in Connecticut and Rhode Island and then passes out to sea. The hour of the phenomenon is between nine and nine-thirty, Eastern Standard time."

In this section of the country about ninety-nine-one-hundredths of the sun's surface will be covered at the time of the greatest obscuration.

The United States is the most poorly educated nation in the world, declared a New Hampshire educator. He says that the United States has ten times as many illiterates, compared with its size, as has France, Germany, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Ireland, Wales or Denmark. This is a bad showing for the denizens of Uncle Sam's domain.

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day, and will be observed as a general holiday in Newport. There will be a general closing of places of business, and the schools will close for the week on Wednesday afternoon. There will be union services of the Protestant churches in the morning.

There was a serious fire in the big storehouse at the Torpedo Station early Saturday morning, which gave the fire fighting force there a stiff battle and caused damage of about \$1000. The cause of the fire is laid to spontaneous combustion. The fire was handled by the force at the station.

Last week we reported horses selling for a quarter of a dollar, this week the buyers, with the necessary capital in hand, could have beaten that figure in the auction sale of automobiles in the police department in New York city, where the prices ranged from ten cents to \$375.

New Hampshire reports 200 forest fires since the middle of October, which have burned over 2467 acres of woodland. These fires have raged in 107 towns. Careless smokers are blamed for many of these fires. Others were caused by hunters.

"Income tax publication serves no useful purpose," says a critic. Why, man, it's a regular godsend to people who like to poke their noses into other folks' affairs.

Mr. Bradford Lays is at the Newport Hospital, where he is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Carried Band Five Years
A one-legged brown thrasher bird was recently recaptured five years after being banded.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending November 15, 1924

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: Trading on the Boston market has been but little, and is somewhat below normal. The usual Thanksgiving activity is expected shortly. Maine apples were about unchanged, with a limited trading. Washington boxes of extra fancy Staymans sold at \$1.10 and fancy at \$1.25. Potatoes weakened slightly, and although consumption is fairly heavy, the market continues weak. Track holdings were: 312 cars on Friday, Maine 120, the balance of Green Mt. closed at 1.05-1.10. There is slightly better feeling to the onion market, and a few sales of Midwestern stock have been made at \$1.10. The general price of 100 lb. sacks of yellow varieties is 1.15-1.16. Supplies are decreasing and with cooler weather, it is expected that onions will be in better demand. Very few sales have been made recently at shipping points in the South. The market for sweet potatoes is quiet, and shippers are waiting for a better market before selling. New York Danish cabbage weakened to \$1.00-1.10 per barrel, and \$1.00 per ton. There is still considerable homegrown cargo on the market, and the market is expected to be slightly stronger, closing at \$1.15-1.20 per barrel for Vt. stock. Supplies are cleaning up, and with cold weather will be much lighter. Spinach is about steady, closing at \$1.00 per ton. Cabbage of Md. stock and \$1.15 for Norfolk sale. Supplies of poor lettuce have been cleaned up for the present, and very little extra stock is being offered. California iceberg lettuce type, closed at \$2.00-2.50, after selling as low as \$1.50 for poor stock.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS: Butter—While little if any improvement in trade has been noted during the week there was distinct development of confidence among the stock. Prices advanced 4-6 c as a result. The upward trend was largely based on the short supplies of fresh butter, the more favorable reduction in cold storage supply, and the fact that the market was firm at the advance but trade was restricted by the limited supplies available. Refrigerator eggs continued unsettled in line with conditions at other markets and various reports quoted. It is lower, however, toward the close of the week, trade improved and sentiment underwent a change for the better, but with no price reaction noted.

DRESSED POULTRY: Market steady with trade inclined to drop somewhat on lower grades. The market for light, well dressed and a large percentage of less desirable quality. Sufficient demand was present to prevent accumulation in most cases.

LIVE POULTRY: Steady—Fowl 25c, broilers 22-24c, chickens 25-27c.

Simon S. Babineau, 69, of Lynn, was fatally injured when he fell from a roof which he was shingling. He died in a few moments. He leaves a widow and four children. Upon learn of the accident, when he returned from work, a son, Hector Babineau, 22, started for the Lynn City Hospital morgue to claim the body. On the way a motorcycle on which he was riding skidded on the wet pavement and crashed into a trolley car. He received concussion of the brain and many cuts and bruises. He was taken to the Lynn Hospital in a passing machine.

In front of the little school house which stands on the site of the school which President Coolidge attended as a boy, at Plymouth, N. H., a flagpole was erected as a memorial to John Coolidge, great-great-grandfather of the President and a soldier in the revolutionary war. The flagpole, which formerly graced the west wing of the Massachusetts State House, was presented by the Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution. Gov. Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, with Lt. Gov.-elect Frank G. Allen, will assist in the dedication ceremonies November 22.

Scientists must take up again at the beginning their search for the micro-organism which causes sleeping sickness. Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute, told members of the National Academy of Sciences which convened in Cambridge, Mass., in their annual meeting. Announcement that the virus responsible for the disease had been discovered has proven to be a mistake, Dr. Flexner said, asserting that medical men are now as much in the dark as ever concerning the bacteriological explanation of this comparatively recently discovered malady.

Gov. Baxter, of Maine, in a statement after returning from the Province of Quebec, was much pleased to read in a Montreal paper that dog "derbies," or dog team races, have been abandoned and no longer will be a part of their winter sport program. "I have always taken a stand that these races were cruel to the dogs, and that they should not be indulged in in Maine," continued Gov. Baxter in his statement. "Due to my position they have been given up in several instances. Now that the 'derbies' have been abandoned in the home of winter sports, certainly here in Maine we ought not to be old-fashioned and continue to have them. I hope this winter that there will not be a single dog race in the state of Maine. Our people will not approve them."

Councilman Ralph W. Robert introduced a resolution at the Cambridge (Mass.) city council meeting, requesting the mayor to recommend an appropriation of \$100 to cover the expense of making gavel from the wood of the Washington elm. It is proposed to present these to the presiding officers of the various state senates and legislatures throughout the country, each to be presented with the suggestion that they be used on the convening and prorogation each year thus to perpetuate the memory of the Washington elm.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent.)
A special Thanksgiving service will be held at the Center Methodist Church on Sunday morning at 10.45 o'clock. In the evening at 6.30 Dr. Hestford will hold a special Doxology service, which will mark the passing of the entire debt of the church and parsonage.

In the campaign just closed, which has covered a period of three months, an amount exceeding the sum of \$1500 has been raised by the various church societies.

As a fitting close to the three weeks' Evangelistic services conducted by Rev. Harry Taylor, assisted by Mrs. Ruth Taylor, at the First Baptist Church, six candidates were presented and baptized at the Old Harbor by Dr. Horace A. Roberts last Sunday at noon.

Frank Eccles entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of his 31st birthday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Hubbar, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGinty. During the evening games were played, and vocal selections rendered by Josiah Peckham, Jr.

S. M. Rose, Jr., and Ottowell Dodge are building homes on Connecticut avenue.

Mrs. Hattie Tabbutt and Mrs. Chester Littlefield, both of Block Island, are confined to the Newport Hospital.

MIDDLETOWN

Mrs. William V. Hart is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Archibald Alty, in Newport.

The marriage of Miss Agnes D. Murphy and Mr. John Buchanan Williams took place at St. Joseph's Church on Saturday morning, November 22, at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Harriet F. Brownell has closed her summer home and has returned to Providence for the winter.

Mrs. Howard G. Peckham has returned to her home here after a visit in New York.

Mrs. Edward J. Peckham was recently given a surprise party in honor of her birthday. Cards were played and refreshments were served.

A snoker was held at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday evening. The members of St. George's Men's Club played against the members of the Holy Cross Men's Club in the Whist tournament.

A Thanksgiving Union service will be held at St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening, November 30. The congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church will unite with the members of St. Mary's Church at this time. Rev. John Pearce will preach the sermon.

Mrs. George Towle entertained the P. M. Club at her home on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Mary Mulligan has been visiting friends in Hope Valley.

Famous as Lover

Francois Bassompierre, a French marshal in Richelieu's time, was France's great lover. Richelieu ordered his arrest, and just before he was seized he is said to have destroyed 6,000 love letters. He was cast into the Bastille.

Wisdom and Reason

Wisdom one day said to Reason: It were well to love our enemies and return good for evil. Reason that day, tip-toe on the loftiest peak in its kingdom, at last was fain to agree. But Wisdom is not yet content and seeks ever further alone.—Maeterlinck.

"Boxing the Compass"

To "box the compass" means to recite in consecutive order the 32 points of the mariner's compass. The phrase also has a popular meaning. When a person adopts successively all possible opinions on a question he is said to box the compass.—Pittsford Magazine.

Oxygen Cures Bronchitis

Treatment of bronchitis patients in glass rooms filled with a double amount of oxygen is reported to be proving successful in a London hospital.

CAPT. RALPH EARLE

Naval Captain Offered
Presidency of Worcester

Capt. Ralph Earle, U. S. N., commander of the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., has been offered the presidency of Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Massachusetts.

REPEAL PUBLICITY OF TAX PAYMENTS

Flexible Immigration Law and
Defeat of Bill to Abolish Rail-
road Labor Board Sought.

Washington.—Big business, par-
sonified by the Chamber of Commerce
of the United States, has completed
its schedule of legislation and pre-
sented it to President Coolidge.

In view of the unanimity of support
given the President in the recent elec-
tion, the recommendation of the
Chamber of Commerce of the United
States is due to have a vast influence,
particularly as the fall-down of the
La Follette Farm-Labor movement
has diminished the influence of that
group.

Conspicuous in the program are the
repeal of the provisions under which
income taxes are made public, defeat
of the Howell-Barkley bill, which
does away with the Railroad Labor
Board, and inclusion in the immigra-
tion laws of a flexible provision
which would enable the increasing
or diminishing of the quotas of for-
eign countries to accord with the
need or glut of the labor market in
this country.

There are other recommendations,
one suggesting unspecified modifi-
cations of the Sherman anti-trust law
in relation to trade associations, and
another that seems to convey that
the Ship Subsidy plan may be re-
vised, but the articles that will cause
the greatest controversy are the three
named.

The income tax publicity was put
through largely by Senator Norris of
Nebraska, whom the Republicans
would have beaten for re-election had
they dared, and the carrying out of
it, provisions had caused so much
criticism that its repeal is expected,
if not by the present Congress then
by the one just elected.

There will be a careful survey when
Congress convenes next month, and
it is quite possible the lesson of the
election may be acted upon.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

GENEVA.—Americans take energetic
hand in opium conference before
the League of Nations.

BERLIN.—Second letter by Repara-
tion Agent Gilbert plunges Germans
into gloom.

PARIS.—Spain's withdrawal of
forces from Rif, Morocco, a con-
fession of defeat, may bring France into
conflict with tribesmen.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Six men kid-
napped Gustav Eysell, treasurer of
the Frank L. Newman Theatres in the
heart of the downtown district and
escaped with \$15,000 which was being
taken to a bank.

CHICAGO.—Dawes undergoes slight
surgical operation at Chicago.

GENEVA.—Japan virtually bolts
League of Nations Far East opium
conference in clash with Great Brit-
ain.

BRUSSELS.—The Belgian govern-
ment is believed likely to give Ger-
many the most favored position in
the trade treaty soon to be signed.

PARIS.—Immediate evacuation of
the Ruhr and abandonment of the
Sarre basin to Germany are among
promises made by Jean Herbelot, just
appointed French ambassador to Rus-
sia by Premier Herriot.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—George East-
man gives \$2,500,000 in University of
Rochester's \$10,000,000 drive.

NEW YORK.—Industrial shares on
the stock market Friday went to the
highest general price level since the
spring of 1920.

COPENHAGEN.—A series of matri-
monial bills placing man and wife on
equal basis regarding possession of
property is before Danish parliament.

HAGERSTOWN, Ind.—Three band-
its walked into the Union Trust Co.
and, covering the cashier and other
employees with revolvers, took \$3,000
in currency.

1,500 HOMELESS IN JERSEY CITY

Hundreds of Injured and Rescued
From Great Fire Are Cared for
by Relief Agencies.

EXPLOSIONS MENACE FIREMEN

Three Blocks of Buildings Burn While
Explosions Shake Waterfront
Area; Firemen Among '0
Hurt; New York Sends Aid.

New York.—Three blocks of Jer-
sey City factories and storehouses
filled with highly inflammable chemi-
cals, roared into flame with an effect
on the people nearby as terrifying as
if a Vesuvius had opened at their
feet. Before the flames had been
checked at nightfall 1,500 people had
been made homeless and \$5,000,000 in
property damage had been caused.

The 1,500 homeless, clustered in
fearful family groups, were quartered
temporarily in the Fourth Regiment
Armory and other places of refuge,
and will try to solve the puzzle of
how they will acquire new homes.

About forty persons, mostly fire-
men, were reported injured.
The fire with the aid of a strong
force of New York City apparatus
which had rushed to Jersey City in
the early afternoon, did not have a
further spread. At frequent intervals,
however, there was a heavy "boom"
and a shaking of the ground as more
potash exploded or some other sub-
stances hidden in the subterranean
chambers of the factories finally were
reached by the fire.

Most of the casualties treated at the
hospitals were later allowed to go to
their homes.

It was not yet 9 a. m. when the
first column of fire burst from a sub-
cellar, but by 11 o'clock a strong fire
dominated all Jersey City, a fear that
the city's fire department was not go-
ing to check the still uncontrolled
flames. The furnace that had been
the Richardson Chemical Company
and the Battelle & Rowland Com-
pany's salt-petre plant became a men-
ace looking at the lives of all the
humankind clustered in the streets.

Explosions coming with the rapid-
ity of machine gun fire and the force
of earthquakes shook the ground along
the waterfront as a terror shakes a
rug. Thick walls of brick and mor-
tar were flung outward as if an un-
seen giant had kicked his way
through an obstruction.

Mounted policemen riding their
horses along the blistering hot side
walk of Essex street, opposite the
salt-petre plant, began to cry warnings
to all within the four-story dwellings
to run for their lives. The street had
become an arcade, the roof a struc-
ture of flame and opalescent white
smoke.

Some Polish women, who had been
watching rather stolidly as the fac-
tories were being consumed, suddenly
were infected by a panic. They be-
gan to cry out for children that were
safe in School 18, several blocks dis-
tant; they remembered treasures
away in their now unapproachable
homes. The sobs of those houses
for two blocks were being nibbled at
by the leaping flames.

A telephone call was sent to New
York for fire-fighting apparatus. Fire
Commissioner Drennan understood
the call came from Chief Boylan of
Jersey City, but this turned out later
to be incorrect.

From his office in the Municipal
Building Mr. Drennan was whisked
behind a screaming siren to Wash-
ington and Cortland streets. From
there it appeared that Jersey City was
doomed. A cloud of smoke obscured
the sky line, and the commissioner
turned in three alarms from the near-
est box, mobilizing within a brief
space fourteen engines, four hook and
ladder companies, one water tower,
one fuel wagon, the rescue squad,
three battalion chiefs and Chief John
Kenlon himself.

Chief Kenlon directed the embark-
ment of that army on three ferry-
boats, the Chicago, Newark and
Washington, and with deep-throated
whistler crying warnings to less im-
portant river traffic the fire-fighting
equipment of the lower end of Man-
hattan was transported to Jersey
City.

WAR-GRAVE STONE CROSSES

Battle Monuments Commission Ar-
rives at This Decision.

Washington.—The Battle Mon-
uments Commission, headed by General
Pershing, has decided informally that
the graves of American war dead in
France shall be marked for all time
with white stone crosses in patterns
similar to the wooden markers that
have stood over the graves since the
war. There are 30,447 graves in the
American fields of honor in France,
Belgium and England.

\$2,000,000 PIER FIRE

Second Jersey City Blaze Burns 2
Piers, 14 Barges

New York.—The Jersey City water-
front was swept by fire for the second
time in three days, the flames burn-
ing out two Erie Railroad piers, four-
teen barges, a loaded freight car and
a steam lighter for an estimated loss
of \$2,000,000. On Friday two square
waterfront blocks were burned over
and property valued at \$1,000,000 was
lost. The distance between the fires
was approximately twenty blocks.

MISS RAMONA TREES

To Represent Kansas
at Tulsa Exposition

Miss Ramona, Marcelle Trees of
Winfield was judged the most beau-
tiful girl in the state of Kansas and was
chosen to represent that state at the
annual petroleum exposition at Tulsa,
Okla. Miss Trees, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Trees, is a student
at the National Park seminary, Forest
Glenn, Md., from which she will gradu-
ate next year.

AQUEDUCT THROWN OPEN BY RAIDERS

Sixty Feud Ranchers Cut Los An-
geles Off From Water;
Troops Asked For.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Virtually the en-
tire flow of the Los Angeles aqueduct,
this city's chief source of water for
domestic and industrial uses, was di-
verted into the Owens River near
Long Pine, about 20 miles north of
here, by a raiding party of sixty men
who stormed the aqueduct guards and
throw open the Alabama waste gates.
Sheriff Charles Collins of Inyo Coun-
ty has telegraphed Governor Richard-
son asking for troops, declaring im-
mediate action by the military is all
that can prevent bloodshed.

The raiders, alleged to be residents
of Owens Valley, where for years a
water feud has raged between the
city and valley ranchers and business-
men, stood their ground at the split-
way and defied Sheriff Collins and
representatives of the city of Los
Angeles.

The attackers announced they
would continue to divert the water
until a committee came from Los An-
geles and "settled" the water rights
controversy with them.

Before dusk the raiding party had
been reinforced by forty additional
men and was in unquestioned control
of the aqueduct. Sheriff Collins said
200 other sympathizers were ready to
join the raiders at a moment's notice.

The water feud is of twenty years'
standing. Numerous suits have been
brought against the city by ranchers
and irrigation companies, who con-
tend the city is jeopardizing agricul-
tural development of lands and even-
tually might cause all Owens Valley to
revert to desert. Committees from
the city recently conferred with the
ranchers but no agreement was
reached.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Senate Republicans to meet Nov. 29
to choose Lodge's successor, on com-
mittees.

Supreme Court sustains New York
state franchise tax on corporations
and state garnishee law.

Hoover survey recites great economic
program in last year.

President Coolidge to ask Congress to
continue debt-fund commission.
Cousens committee to probe tax pay-
ments of wealthy men and corpora-
tions.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, now
considered likely choice to succeed
Lodge as leader.

Child labor foes and enemies to bat-
tle in every State.

Senator Smoot announced himself
in accord with President Coolidge
in his opposition to a special ses-
sion of the 69th Congress.

House and Senate leaders are arriv-
ing in the capital to prepare for a
series of preliminary skirmishes in
the early days of the short session.
Measures of great importance in ad-
vancing the work of erecting monu-
ments in the A. E. F. cemeteries
in France will be projected at the
special meeting of the battle monu-
ments commission.

Coolidge confronted with confusion of
ideas as to farm relief legislation.
Poland-United States debt refunding
agreement signed in Washington.

President would delay further tax
cuts until after next June 30.
Court dismisses Shearer suit to pre-
vent sinkink battleship Washington.
The application of William B. Shear-
er, of New York, for an injunction
restraining Secretary Wilbur from
having the uncompleted battleship
Washington destroyed, dismissed in
District of Columbia Supreme Court
will be carried to the Circuit Court
of Appeals, it was announced.

HOTEL FIRES IN ATLANTIC CITY

Flames, Fanned by High Wind,
Threaten to Wipe Out Entire
Resort—Steel Pier Afire.

MANY DARING RESCUES

Firemen Take Guests From the Both-
well and the Senator, Which Are
Destroyed. Bucket Brigades on
Roofs. Famous Pier Ruined.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Fire destroyed
two big hotels here and ruined the
front of the famous Steel Pier. For
a time it threatened to sweep the
whole Boardwalk, but with Atlantic
City's whole fire-fighting force,
backed up by men and apparatus
from the adjoining towns, the fire
was finally got under control.

One man, James Bennett, 80 years
old, of 1147 Southern Boulevard, New
York, died of injuries he suffered in
a fall when he tried to climb out on
a cornice. Firemen carried him out
in a blanket just as flames reached
his room. He succumbed in a hospi-
tal. Several persons were injured,
but none is expected to die.

The hotels destroyed were the
Bothwell on Virginia avenue and the
Senator which comes next to it. The
damage to the two hotels was esti-
mated by Nur J. Collins, who oper-
ates them, at \$600,000. The damage
to the steel pier will reach \$75,000.

There were 500 guests in the two
hotels that were swept by the flames.
The fire raced quickly through the
buildings and many had narrow
escapes in corridors filled with smoke
and flames. Several were overcome
and carried out unconscious.

The only person seriously injured
besides Bennett was Mrs. Mary Flick
of South Fork, Pa. She was over-
come by smoke and tumbled down a
flight of stairs. Both her legs were
broken. The others hurt were fire-
men, five of whom were taken to
hospitals though none was seriously
hurt. They were George Wolsafer,
Helford Taylor, Frank March, C. L.
Frye and Captain Allen Darby.

The fire was discovered in the
Bothwell just after 9 o'clock p. m.
and there ensued a wild scramble of
guests, most of whom were members
of the National Grange who are at-
tending its convention. By the time
the first engines had arrived the
whole structure was ablaze and aerial
ladders had to be used to take down
guests who were at their windows
ready to jump.

As the flames mounted the roof of
the Wiltshire at Presbyterian avenue
caught fire, and the Seaside at Penn-
sylvania avenue was menaced. Bucket
brigades came to the aid
of firemen who were pouring tons
of salt water from every nearby roof.

The Wiltshire was flooded and thus
saved and a curtain of water saved
the Seaside.

For a time it seemed as if the fire
would be confined to the two hotels
first involved, but as the roofs caved
in showers of burning embers and
sparks were carried over the block of
drop-proof stores in the steel pier block
and landed on the roof of the pier.

A dozen tongues of flame were lick-
ing along the roof by the time the
volunteers with axes, buckets and
fire extinguishers had mounted to the
top. The pier extends far out to sea
and all along the length of the roof
firemen and civilians in knots fought
to save it. Their efforts saved the
seaward end, but the front music
hall on the ground floor and the
casino above were destroyed.

When it became apparent that the
steel pier was in danger and that if
the blaze got a good start there it
might spread along the Boardwalk,
every fire company in Atlantic City
was ordered out and calls were sent
to Ventnor, Margate and Pleasant-
ville for all available men and en-
gines.

The Boardwalk was choked with
engines by the time the pier roof
burst into flames, and a big winter
crowd was cheering on the work of
the firemen. Guests were ordered
out of several hotels nearest to the
fire, but were allowed to return as
soon as the flames were under con-
trol.

ECZEMA IN ITCHY BLISTERS

On Children's Faces and
Heads. Cuticura Heals.

"Eczema broke out in watery,
itchy blisters and affected the chil-
dren's faces and heads so as to
cause disfigurement. They were
restless and cross and the eczema
itched so badly that we were obliged
to put gloves on their hands. Large
scales would form as big as a half
dollar and the children were a sight
to see."

"About three months after the
trouble started we began using Cu-
ticura Soap and Ointment. We
continued the treatment for about
three months and they were healed."
(Signed) Mrs. William Morris, 32
Maple St., No. Bellingham, Mass.,
Sept. 22, 1923.

Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment
and Talcum to keep your skin clear.
Samples Free by Mail Address: Cuticura Labor-
atory, Dept. 5, Station 58, Malden, Mass. Sold every-
where. Soap & Ointment 60c each. Talcum 25c.
Try our new Shaving Stick.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Dividends at the rate of 4 1-2 per cent. per annum on
all amounts of \$5 or more.

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE RED CROSS
TODAY

Very often, it is through
THRIFT alone that we are
enabled to be thankful. You
can cultivate this helpful
habit by making regular
deposits in a savings ac-
count here.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE BY THE PREMIERS

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders

Promptly

Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods

are Pure

Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, daughter
of Julia Ward Howe, author of the
"Battle Hymn of the Republic," re-
cently celebrated her 70th birthday
at Newport, R. I. Countless friends
and many organizations made the day
a memorable one in her life.

The Maine Assessors' Association
at the concluding session of its an-
nual convention in Augusta, passed a
resolution urging the next Legisla-
ture to pass a law levying a tax on
the income of all intangible property
not exempt by law, and pledges
support.

A special diocesan convention com-
posed of 30 clerical and 80 lay dele-
gates elected Rev. Samuel Babcock
Booth of Wrentham, Pa., bishop
coadjutor of the Episcopal diocese of
Vermont to succeed Bishop Coadjutor
George Y. Bliss, deceased. He re-
ceived the votes of 22 clerical and 52
lay delegates.

Bobbed hair raised a question
which called for an official state op-
inion, when Atty. Gen. Frank E. Healey
decided that persons engaged in bob-
bing women's hair must take out a
state's license. The question was
propounded by the state barber com-
mission which issues licenses to bar-
bers in Connecticut.

To get practical experience in
cruising, mapping and running out
old lines, 21 seniors majoring in for-
eignty at the University of Maine set
out for the woods north of Grand-
stone Thursday afternoon. In camps
far from civilization, near a big op-
eration of the Great Northern Paper
Company, they will spend nine weeks.
From daylight to dark, six days a
week, the student foresters will be in
the open, except for occasional inter-
missions when they will stay in camp
to draw maps of territories cruised.
The Great Northern Paper Company
has built a new set of camps for the
students and is providing a cook.

ILLINOIS GOVERNOR LOSES SUIT

Small Found to Owe State \$2,000,000
and May Be Ousted.

Springfield, Ill.—Governor Len
Small owes the State of Illinois more
than \$2,000,000, fraudulently taken by
him during his term as State Treas-
urer, Master in Chancery Briggs re-
ported to Judge Hurlton in the Cir-
cuit Court of Sangamon County in the
suit brought by Attorney General
Brundage.

The master found for the state in
every particular.

MOVE AGAINST STOCK FRAUDS

Co-operation of Postoffice and Justice
Departments With Brokers.

New York.—E. H. H. Simmons,
president of the New York Stock Ex-
change, fired the first gun in a cam-
paign which is expected virtually to
end the activities of stock swindlers.
The plan calls for the complete co-
operation of the New York Stock Ex-
change authorities with the Postoffice
Department, the Department of Jus-
tice, the better business bureaus and
chambers of commerce.

RED CROSS IS URGING BETTER-HEALTH BATTLE

In good deeds for all peoples
time of distress the American
Cross never rests. Help this war
with your membership dollar—join
Armistice Day.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

342 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

SUCCUMBED TO LURE OF MIRROR AT ONCE

Little Story Offered as Evidence on Vexed Subject.

Man has always waxed sarcastic about the mutual attraction between woman and the mirror, remarks a writer in the *Pathfinder*. He has made many playful jabs on the subject, attributing to pure vanity the many hours spent before the reflecting glass. Woman has never answered except to accuse him of being even fonder of the glass than herself, of never being able to pass one without taking a glance at himself. If she seems to spend more time before the mirror, she explains, it is because the nature of her toilet, the laborious combing of her hair, requires it. Each sex insists that the other is the vain one, and that the mirror proves it.

This age-old dispute will perhaps never be settled to the point where one side will concede defeat and admit the other right. If men have almost succeeded in making the term "vanity" an attribute of femininity, women, on the other hand, have been even more successful in fastening the adjective "coquetry" on men alone. Arguments will never decide the question—nor will proof for that matter—but some very strong circumstantial evidence on the subject was recently presented by a Frenchman who had been in a peculiarly favorable condition to procure it.

This man was marooned on a desert island in the South seas when the drifted to him in a boat, which had been blown out of its course, a man and his wife who were of a savage, negro cannibal tribe. He saved their lives, and they lived with him on very friendly terms. Here is the way he described the effect on them of a little mirror he had in his cabin.

"I presented it first to the woman. Hardly did she see her image reflected in it than she began to quiver, to tremble, in all her members; she turned and again turned the enchanted object, felt its surface, explored the other side, and, not being able to understand the sorcery of it, called her husband. With him it was much worse. As soon as he saw in the mirror a living being who was looking at him he uttered a loud scream and fled with all the speed of his legs and never stopped until he reached the other end of the island. He never got over his dread of the object.

"For him that glass was the dwelling place of an evil spirit. On the contrary, the woman, little by little, became familiar with it. Attracted by a secret charm she would come of her own accord to ask me for the mirror, and for hours she would make before it grimaces and contortions unspeakably comical. In her curiosity there was still mingled a certain fear. Yet she came back as if an obscure instinct had taught her that this mirror was an instrument of coquetry. She was a woman."

Of course this story does not prove anything. Women will still be unconvinced. But all must admit that it is an interesting circumstance bearing on the question. At least that.

Improved Gas Generators

Gas generators are now beginning to be used by French automobile industries to replace gasoline as a source of power in agricultural motors such as tractors and plows. The new gas generator has recently been tried in an automobile. It burns any fuel, coal, coke, anthracite or wood-charcoal. The gas produced contains 83 per cent of combustible gas, of which about 80 per cent is carbon monoxide. The absence of hydrogen is said to make it superior to generators developing water gas, since hydrogen is a gas hard to use in motors. The gas produced in the new generators is purified and air-cooled before using.

Time Wasted

"Sendin' Marlin ter that finshin' school was all nonsense," said old Haw-buck as his daughter went into the parlor to meet her visitor. "There's that young man Foster been callin' here for six months an' she ain't able to finish him yet."

Whittier a Bachelor

The poet Whittier was one of a number of Americans who achieved fame and never married. In his long and active life as an editor, author, legislator, reformer and poet, he seemed to give no thought to marriage.

Novelty Features Late Paris Gowns

Many Interesting Touches
Brought Out by Prominent Designers.

Premet's winter collection shows great cleverness and ingenuity in introducing touches of novelty into gowns that retain all the well-known traditions of this house, says a fashion writer in the *New York Herald-Tribune*. There are jokes to the base of the shoulder line on most of the dresses. The center-back is defined by a seam, a plait, a strap, and often fullness is given by a group of inverted knife-plaits at the foot, both center-back and front. The waist-line is slightly higher, but this is arranged in such a subtle manner as to be scarcely perceptible, for the beltless fashion still remains a feature of this house. There is a slight flitting at the normal waistline in some instances. In others the buttons of a double-breasted coat are placed higher than they would have been last year. A touch of embroidery or a ribbon cravat is brought through a slit in the dress at a higher level than in the last collection.

The blouses worn with three-piece suits are as long as the coats and often quite straight. They are generally of georgette crepe, which may be plaited or embroidered.

Plaid is much used in this collection and so is a fine silk faille called grain de poudre which resembles ottoman. There is a material that looks like interwoven bands, nearly



Panel of Fancy Ribbon Adds to Charming Frock.

half an inch wide, of thick artificial silk. In black it is much used for dresses and afternoon coats.

Fob ribbons, buckles and enamel or diamond ornaments are attached wherever there is an excuse for them and often when there is not. Some of these ribbons are embroidered with a motto. For instance, on a gray dress there is a gray ribbon with the cryptic phrase "Ni vous sans moi ni moi sans vous" embroidered in a darker shade.

Louiseboulanger has a collection that is strikingly original and picturesque. Her color effects are interesting and she uses unusual trimmings that are carefully thought out. Some of her blouses are delightful, and there is distinction in her cut. A new feature is the importance given to the shoulder line, which is made high with gathers, plaits or smocking where the sleeve is sewed into the dress.

Coats are cut very wide and show a circular movement. One in caracul is trimmed with narrow inlet bands of black velvet, while another, in gray duvetin, is lined with a black and white wool material and has a white fur collar.

Waistless Gowns Mode for Paris This Winter

A sheath gown and a smile—that's what the Parisienne is going to wear this winter, according to the leaders of fashion in the Rue le da Paix. There won't be any waistline. The dressmakers have given up as a bad job the task of trying to decide whether it should be close to the knee or close to the northern frontier.

But winter is going to be cold. Therefore, before you can see the gown, you can admire a cloak of velvet or silk with furs as accessories, above and below. Fur coats will be as popular as ever, of course, but they are getting more and more expensive. The best the woman of modest means can do is to have a fur collar, but it must be so high that nothing shows but her eyes.

Fur also will be utilized as trimmings at the bottom of the gown, and under that one can see "hand sewn" stockings of silk or lace with silver or gold embroidery.

Chic Coat for Young Miss With Red Locks



Brown velours, trimmed with soft and luxuriant beaver, makes a perfect winter coat for the auburn-haired beauty.

Relationship Between Color and Your Income

When you make your decision upon what is "your color," observes a writer in the *Kansas City Star*, undoubtedly you consider your eyes, your hair, your skin, and perhaps even the psychological effects the color has on your moods. But do you consider your income?

If you do not, not only are you likely to have a depleted bank balance and a worried expression, but the very colors you choose as "yours" are likely, by some malicious magic, to become both unsuitable and unbecoming.

Suppose, for instance, it is some bright shade which you have selected as pre-eminently suited to your looks and personality. Now, if your income is such that you cannot afford plenty of other and milder-colored clothes, to offset the ones of the favored "loud" color, your friends are going to tire of that color quickly; and the chances are that, after a time, you will even cease to appear attractive in it—at least to those who see you wear it daily.

Prominent stripes, plaids and checks come in the same class of conspicuous clothing as do striking colors. You can appear attractive season after season in a conservatively-toned gown, say of blue, black, brown or dark green, where you would soon become a tiring object to the eye if you appeared throughout a single season in a bright red or brilliant green checkered sports suit.

Again, the color considerations of the women whose income is limited should concern lightness, as well as brightness, of shade. It is obvious that, since light clothing appears soiled much more quickly than dark clothing does, too much of it in the wardrobe of the average woman is an unwarranted expense, as it entails constant cleaner's bills.

Only if you have enough money to keep light, easily soiled clothes continually at the cleaner's, and to discard clothes of which you or your friends have become tired, you can disregard the otherwise important relationship between color and your income.

Evening Coats Promise to Be Favorite Style

Evening coats will be more popular than capes, according to a prominent fashion writer. Gold metal embroidery trims many of these. Sometimes the sleeves are embroidered, the rest of the wrap remaining plain.

Many of the suit-coats, which extend within ten inches of the hem of the frock, have three rows of fur banding placed at intervals about the bottom of the coat. Sleeves of the coats are generally rather snug-fitting from shoulder to wrist, and are finished with four or five-inch cuffs of fur. Upstanding collars of fur will be popular.

Where fur forms the hem-border on the slender frock, the accompanying coat extends just above the fur. Collar and cuffs of the coat match the fur used on the frock.

Gifts for the Bride

The girl who contemplates being married, and is busy with her trousseau, will be interested in the linen strips that are meant to hold one's linens in neat piles. These strips tie with tapes and are cross-stitched with floral designs and the name of the article they are meant to hold, such as "towels," "pillow cases" and "sheets."

Worn in New Manner

A number of smart women, wearying of the multiplicity of glass bracelets, now have adopted the two-bracelet idea. The two bracelets match, and one is worn above the left elbow, the other on the left wrist.

Fattening Beef Calves on Grain

More Skill Required Than Is
Necessary in Preparing
Older Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

During recent years live stock markets have experienced a constantly increasing demand for well-fattened beef animals weighing from 800 to 1,200 pounds and this demand, says the United States Department of Agriculture, must necessarily be supplied by calves from twelve to twenty months old. The fattening of this class of calves requires more skill than is necessary in the production of animals marketed at more mature ages, on account of their tendency to grow rather than to fatten.

Various Phases of Problem.

The various phases of the problem of fattening calves for market is dealt with in *Farmers' Bulletin 1410*, *Fattening Beef Calves*, just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, including discussions on how to procure calves to be fattened as yearlings, type of calves suitable for fattening, breeds suitable, importance of good cows and bulls, management of the farm breeding herd, differences in methods of feeding fall and spring calves, feeding the calf from birth to weaning time, dehorning, castration, vaccination, equipment and shelter, and marketing.

Unless the cows in the herd are exceptional milkers, calves intended for fat yearlings should be started on corn, kafir, milo, barley, wheat, or oats, when from four to six weeks old, says the bulletin. Nothing so stimulates the growth and early maturity as milk fresh from the dam, but in all cases calves should be fed liberally on grain for at least one month before weaning time. Every effort should be made to get the calves through the weaning period without loss of their baby fat. The grain ration should be increased so as to permit as little change in their rate of growth and fattening as possible.

Some feeders build "creeps" in the pastures or lots so that the calves can get their grain without disturbance by the cows. Creeps consist of small pens with openings which permit only the calves to enter. These openings may have rollers on each side to prevent bruising the calves.

Problem of Weaning.

Calves from heavy-milking cows should be weaned gradually. If they are running with the cows the weaning should be begun by keeping them up and allowing them to suck only twice each day for five or six days, after which they should be allowed to suck but once each day for a similar period. Then one day's sucking may be omitted, and later two days. Thus the entire weaning takes ten to fifteen days. The calves of cows giving little milk should be weaned abruptly by separating them as far as possible.

Fall calves should not be weaned until after the cows and calves are on grass. Spring calves should either be kept on grass after weaning in the fall or be given some succulent feed, such as silage. It is advisable to provide them with winter pasture, such as wheat, oats, rye, or barley, when soil and climatic conditions permit.

A copy of the bulletin may be secured, as long as the supply lasts, free upon request from the United States Department of Agriculture.

Hogging Down Corn Good Practice on All Farms

It usually is wiser and safer to turn pigs into standing corn gradually, so they will not contract digestive troubles from eating the immature corn. Some say immature corn causes cholera, which is not true, although it sometimes sets up digestive troubles that resemble cholera or else get the hog's system badly out of condition and invite attack by cholera. In a summary of several tests made at various midwestern experiment stations we get this general conclusion: In each of six trials one lot of pigs was fattened in the corn field and another lot fed corn on the ear in dry lot. All pigs got either tankage or middlings as supplement to the corn, which is absolutely essential. Some rape and a little rye was found in the standing corn also. The pigs eating the standing corn made slightly more rapid gains and made 100 pounds of pork on 6 per cent less concentrates than the pigs fed corn in the yard.

Unless weather is unfavorable the pigs will pick up the corn as clean as though it were husked. Rape or soy beans in the corn make an ideal supplement, or else give them access to alfalfa, clover or rape pasture in addition to the standing corn, if available. If the pigs get no supplementary green forage as noted, then be sure to feed some protein concentrate or skim milk.

Immature Crops Are Not Good for Making Silage

Every silo should be filled, because silage is the cheapest feed this year. Good silage cannot be made from immature crops. Corn and the sorghums, when approaching maturity, make silage of the best quality. Fully matured and frosted crops make good silage if plenty of water is added. In any case, the finer the feed is cut the better will be the quality of the silage. Silage should be packed thoroughly in the silo, especially around the edges. The faster a silo is filled the more tramping and packing is necessary.

Cooperative Work Shows Rapid Growth

Recently Organized Associations Do Big Business.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The Southern states show greater co-operative marketing growth since 1915 than other states where co-operative marketing is of longer standing, according to a tabulation made by the United States Department of Agriculture. The large volume of business handled by the recently organized tobacco, cotton and rice associations is given as the reason for the change.

Co-operative organizations in the seven West North Central states handled 45 per cent of the total business transacted in all states in 1915, whereas co-operatives in these states now handle 80 per cent of the total business. Organizations in the three Pacific states in 1915 did 24 per cent of the total business, as compared with 10 per cent in 1923. Co-operatives in the East North Central group did 14 per cent of the total in 1915, as compared with 15 per cent in 1923, and co-operatives in the Middle Atlantic group did 9 per cent in 1915 as compared with 12½ per cent in 1923.

The greatest growth is shown in the East South Central group, where co-operatives in 1915 did little better than 1 per cent of the total business, as compared with 9 per cent in 1923. The figures for the South Atlantic states show a jump from 2 per cent to 7 per cent, and the West South Central states an increase from 1 per cent in 1915 to 4 per cent in 1923. A small increase is shown in the New England states and a slight decrease in the Mountain states.

Ventilation Necessary in Storing Seed Corn

Ventilation and heat are the two things necessary to successful seed corn storage. Any place that has a good roof, is dry and has plenty of ventilation is satisfactory.

The chief problem in storing seed corn is to provide a means whereby the moisture content can be reduced to the point where the germ is not injured by freezing weather, and that it remains this way until planting time. If the corn is picked early enough, properly hung and in a dry, airy place, there is usually no need for artificial heat.

Never store corn in sacks, piles or by placing one row of ears immediately on top of another, writes Ralph M. Johnston in the *Dakota Farmer*. Leave some air around each ear.

There are many different methods of storing seed corn. There is the binding twine method by which the ears are laid on the twine, crossing the cords each time after the ear is laid in place and alternating the butts and tips. Ten to twelve ears are put in each string. There are wire racks of various kinds with both vertical and horizontal strands. There are various kinds of "tree" or "post" systems by which ears are attached to nails which have been driven in or through posts or boards in an upright slanting manner.

Of Much Importance to Keep Outside Cave Dry

The outside cave or storage cellar should be well ventilated and well drained and this is a problem in many kinds of soil. Keeping a pit well drained by using a rather high point of land and with the walls of the entrance several inches above ground there will be no danger of water from the outside.

Seepage can be prevented by digging a large pocket in the floor before the concrete is laid. This is filled with gravel or sand and the concrete then sloped toward this pocket from all sides where it terminates in a drain. Building tile will generally give a dry floor if they are laid flat and end to end. If desired they can be covered with two inches of concrete or cinders.

FARM NOTES

Water cools cream and milk 23 times as fast as air of the same temperature.

A good range and a balanced ration usually prevent bowel trouble in the hens.

What coat do you prefer on your exposed farm machinery? One of rust or one of grease?

Sell all your cull male birds while they are useless and are simply "eating their heads off."

As long as farmers average 16 to 17 bushels per acre, corn will continue to be an expensive crop.

Most farms do not have enough fruit and nut trees. A hazel hedge will hide unsightly buildings.

The dairy farmer with a silo full of silage need take no thought for tomorrow what his cows shall eat.

A county fair built on competitive community exhibits of crops, live stock and other products is built on solid foundations.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

EGYPTIAN CROESUS PRISONER 26 YEARS

Prince Ahmed in Insane
Asylum Near London

London.—Langulshing in an insane asylum here is a multi-millionaire Egyptian nobleman who considers himself a modern Monte Christo. The man is his highness, Prince Ahmed Seifeddin, one-time brother-in-law of King Fuad of Egypt and the possessor of an income of more than \$500,000 a year.

For 22 years he has been kept in an asylum in the outskirts of London, with only an occasional outing in an automobile, and before that he served a four year's prison sentence in Egypt for attempting to shoot King Fuad, then Prince Faud.

Shot Brother-in-Law.

Prince Ahmed is descended from Ibrahim Pasha, second son of Mehemet Ali, who in the days of the great Napoleon conquered Egypt by intrigue and battle. His sister was married to Prince Faud. In 1898, after she had told him something about her husband which enraged him, Prince Ahmed seized a revolver and fired at his brother-in-law, wounding the latter.

He was arrested, tried by an Egyptian court for attempted murder and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. This term was afterward reduced to four years. In addition he had to pay the expenses of Prince Faud's illness, which cost nearly \$10,000.

After serving his sentence in an Egyptian prison, Prince Ahmed was brought to England, declared insane and placed in the asylum where he has been ever since. Prince Faud had, meanwhile, divorced Prince Ahmed's sister, and she disappears from the story.

Mother Awails His Return.

But there is an aged woman living in Constantinople, Prince Ahmed's mother, who longs for the return of her son and has never ceased to work for his release from the asylum. Time after time she applied to the British government, but without success. Now that Egypt is, at least nominally, an independent country, she is trying to gain their support for her son's release.

Prince Ahmed's devoted companion in the asylum is his English manservant. The prince's vast estates in Egypt are larger than an English county and bring him a yearly revenue of more than \$500,000. Ever since his conviction, however, his property has been officially administered for him.

Royal Mounted Again Runs Down Quarry

Prince Rupert, B. C.—The end of a long, long trail which three members of the Royal Canadian Mounted police have been following since early in June, and which had led them through more than a thousand miles of the untamed northland of Canada; where canoes and pack dogs were the only means of transportation, was almost in sight when the three left here aboard the steamship Princess Alice for Vancouver with five Indian prisoners.

The Indians, said to be virtually savages, are charged with the murder of a seventeen-year-old Indian boy whom other members of his tribe suspected of practicing witchcraft. According to the story told, the boy was hanged, head down, and stoned to death.

A young girl of the tribe, likewise suspected of witchery, is said to have been suspended for three days and nights by one foot and one hand, as a result of which she was crippled.

The prisoners live chiefly on meat, regarding bread with suspicion.

Whole Village Converted

New York.—Salvation Army headquarters here received word from Commandant Howard McGrath and Capt. Samuel McGill of Plainfield, N. J., that the entire population of Suptown, N. J., a mill community five miles from Plainfield, had been "captured" and enrolled under the army flag.

Girls Build Fortune in Oklahoma Desert

Cooley, Okla.—Packing their dunnage and crossing the plains of Kansas in a covered wagon to their new home in the wilds of Oklahoma, Miss Beatrice Corley and Emma Blampied, both of Hutchinson, Kan., 20 years ago took up what seemed a worthless claim to conquer their world of dreams.

The two women, in a country pillaged by outlaws, courageously built a store and post office in connection with their home on a little claim where the roads crossed and named it Cooley, Okla. One girl would care for the trade while the other sat behind a curtain, ride on her knee, prepared for invaders.

Through hard work and their undying spirit the girls converted a portion of that cattle ranch into rich acres of orchard, vineyard, chicken run and sweet clover.

Wearing overalls, doing all their own work, Miss Cooley, whom the town is named after, and Miss Blampied have conquered their dreams.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 20, 1824

On Wednesday last the freemen of this state gave their votes for four Presidential electors of President and Vice President. In this town William Ennis Esq., was chosen moderator of the meeting, and at the closing of the polls in the evening, the votes were: for the Adams ticket 221; and for the opposition ticket, 75.

The election in New England being now completed, Mr. Adams will have the unanimous support of six states, being 51 votes.

The marriages announced in the papers were never so numerous, and yet but a small part are published. If these indicate flourishing times, the country was never more prosperous.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 24, 1849

One of our citizens who has been in California but a few weeks has written home to a relative that he has averaged from an ounce to an ounce and a half a day, and that he had sent home by a friend coming on, about \$500 of the stuff, which will probably be delivered as soon as the gentleman arrives here.

A foreigner writing from the West says pork is so plenty that "every third man you meet is a hog."

Married in this town on Thursday, by Rev. Mr. Otheman, Mr. Samuel Albion to Miss Mary G. Moulton, both of this town. On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Choules, Mr. William A. Whaley to Miss Amy R., only daughter of Mr. Sylvester R. Hazard, all of this place.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 21, 1874

The new Gas Light block, which has been in course of construction during the past summer, is now completed and is a structure that will do credit to the Main street of our city. There are but few business blocks in any city of our size in the country which will present a more substantial or imposing appearance.

We hear it reported that several fine houses are to be built on the Cliffs this winter. New building enterprises come to light every week. This does not look like a dull winter.

"Mother," said the little urchin, "I have seen such a smart preacher. He stamped and made such a noise, and then he got mad; he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody who dared go up and fight him."

It is generally understood that Newport is to be the eastern terminus of the Old Colony steamboats this winter.

The Aquidneck House has closed its doors for the winter. The season of 1874 has been a very prosperous one for this excellent hotel.

William H. Knowles has been appointed Postmaster in Jamestown.

The public schools of Newport closed their fall term yesterday for a two weeks' vacation.

Parties in Newport have purchased nearly all the beautiful red cedars that formerly adorned Tiverton Heights, and are fast stripping that region of the last vestige of foliage of that description.

The fishermen located near Quicksand Pond in Little Compton caught nearly two tons of bass in one night a short time ago. They were shipped to New York and sold at eighteen cents a pound.

Think of exporting apples from Rhode Island to Vermont! A Vermont paper says: "A carload of apples arrived on Monday, and it was amusing to see men, women and children hover around the car with baskets and bags, so eager to get a shake at them. The carload was sold instantly."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 18, 1899

The affairs at the Newport County Jail are very quiet just now, since the departure of the boarders who have kept things lively since the remodeling of the building. The Portsmouth car barn robbers were taken to Providence on Wednesday to begin serving their time. It will be many years before they again have the opportunity to create so much of a sensation.

It is said that the country is to experience a big financial panic in January. Forewarned is forearmed. (Perhaps the warning was what did the business, for the panic did not make its appearance as advertised.)

Superintendent Baker reports the total enrollment in the Rogers to be 255, average number attending 236. In the grammar schools 731, intermediate 699, primary 1287, kindergartens 236, Total 3208.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Fludder met with a serious accident by being thrown from their carriage on Ocean Avenue Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Fludder sustained broken limbs and Mr. Fludder was seriously injured.

Company C, 26th U. S. Infantry, has been in its first engagement. This Company is commanded by

Capt. A. A. Barker, and contains many Rhode Island men. Company C charged the rebel trenches, killing three insurgents and having one man wounded. The enemy fled.

Some of the residents of Newport sent a congratulatory cable to Captain Barker yesterday in recognition of the Company's first engagement.

Mr. Allen Woodie of Boston has been appointed manager of the Western Union Telegraph of this city, vice Thomas J. Smith, deceased.

THE BURNING OF "MALBONE"

The date, as near as I can fix, Was June the seventh in the year Of seventeen hundred and sixty-six. When cry of "fire" resounded near

And far adown the vale, and heard In field by peasants tolling there, Who left their work and passed the word

Along, as off they ran to share

In saving house upon the hill From all-devouring blaze and flame, And hurried with a right good-will To save "Malbone," then known to fame,

As fairest dwelling house in land, Where gaiety of other days, And pomp and glory of the grand Abounded—even while ablaze.

For then a dinner party there Was interrupted, and the feast Of goodly things removed with care Outdoors by host, who said, "At least

"If house we cannot save, then we Will save our dinner, and enjoy; For why should we lose both, I see No reason to let fire destroy."

They saved their dinner and enjoyed The scene while hungry tongues of flame Licked up completely and destroyed The house of "Malbone," adding fame

To fame of luxury of those Who could have saved, had they but tried,

The house as well, the story goes, But haughty mistress in her pride

Refused the help of tollers whose, Soil-covered boots, and clumsy, might Her carpets and her stairs abuse, If they allowed to use the flight

That led above from spacious hall At front of house, their muddy feet Confined to stairs in rear where all Were slow to carry and repeat.

The water buckets filled to brim, To pour on roof and quench the blaze As best they could—so lost to whim Of pride this house of other days.

M. F. SHEA.

The first vessel ever built in the United States by an electric welding method has been completed in Providence, R. I. The "one-piece" vessel is 80 feet long, 26 feet beam, and the hull is 12 feet deep. The tanks in the hold have a total capacity of 200,000 gallons. The boat will be used by the Pennsylvania Petroleum Products Company in its tanker service.

The resignation of Hiram Bingham, Governor-elect of Connecticut, from the faculty of Yale University, has been formally accepted by a vote of the University Corporation. Mr. Bingham at present Lieutenant Governor of the state, has been a member of the faculty at Yale since 1910, and professor of Latin-American history since 1916.

Representative citizens, at a conference in Augusta, Me., sponsored by Governor-elect Ralph O. Brewster, inaugurated a state-wide movement to advertise Maine. It was voted to adopt the community plan, whereby towns and cities will appropriate money and to ask the Legislature to make an appropriation of not less than \$25,000 for the project.

Delegates at the annual state convention of carpenters held in Pittsfield, Mass., adopted resolutions providing for a \$500,000 home for members unable to work, financial assistance for Waltham watch strikers, establishment of ladies' auxiliary of unions, and endorsement of the Boston apprenticeship commission system plan. The union voted to hold the 1925 convention in Gardner.

Plans for a state-wide campaign against tuberculosis in children, to be carried on for 10 years, and to be launched shortly, became known when Dr. Eugene R. Kelley, state commissioner of public health, told delegates attending the three-day meeting of the Massachusetts Conference of Social Work, in session in Swampscott, of the proposed program for the next ten years.

In the presence of thousands of citizens from all parts of the State, Maine dedicated its memorial, at the Kittery end of Memorial Bridge, to its sailors and soldiers who served in the World War. To make the dedication more impressive, the ceremonies were begun at 11 o'clock, the hour of the Armistice six years ago. Present at the exercises, in addition to the citizenry, were some of Maine's most prominent men, including Gov. Baxter and his council.

Animals and Blood

The popular belief that blood produces intense irritation or excitement in cattle has been put to the test. The blood of both horses and cows was brought before the animals, but they remained indifferent or only mildly interested, showing nothing of the reported alarm or anger. It is concluded that the excitement witnessed by the cattlemen was not aroused by the blood but by something accompanying it, such as the sight of wounded companions, or their cries of pain.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

The annual meeting of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., was held on Tuesday evening at Eureka Hall. Night Worshipful Sylvester M. Budlong, District Deputy Grand Master of the Seventh Masonic District, presided, assisted by Worshipful Brother Clarence Griffin as Grand Master of Ceremonies, Worshipful Brother Herbert B. Ashley, Acting Grand Chaplain, and Worshipful Brother H. Frank Anthony, Acting Grand Secretary. The following officers were installed: Master—Jethro H. Peckham. Senior Warden—Benjamin B. Barker, Jr. Junior Warden—Levi Ibbotson. Treasurer—A. L. Hamblly. Secretary—Henry F. Anthony. Chaplain—Herbert B. Ashley. Senior Deacon—Charles W. Anthony.

Junior Deacon—Henry L. Wilbur. Senior Steward—Robert Salter. Junior Steward—B. Earl Anthony. Marshal—Gordon McDonald. Sentinel—Harold Waite. Tyler—Charles G. Clarke. Musical Director—Henry Ibbotson. A Past Master's jewel was presented to Worshipful Brother Jethro H. Peckham, after which remarks were made for the good of the Order. This was followed by a chicken salad supper, which was served in the dining hall.

The annual election and installation of Eureka Chapter, No. 19, Order of the Eastern Star, was held on Monday evening, at Fair Hall. A chicken pie supper was served in the lower hall previous to the installation. Worshipful Grand Matron Mrs. Bertha Miller, Worshipful Grand Patron Joseph Haynes, accompanied by the Grand Chaplain and Grand Marshal, and a number of other visitors, were present at this time. The following officers were elected and appointed:—Worthy Matron—Miss Vida Hamblly. Worthy Patron—Mr. Harold Hamblly. Associate Matron—Mrs. Emma Frost.

Secretary—Miss Eunice Davol. Treasurer—Miss Madeline Gadsby. Conductress—Mrs. Mary E. Cottrell. Associate Conductress—Mrs. Clara Freeborn. Chaplain—Mrs. Agnes Hamblly. Marshal—Mrs. Maud Hamblly. Organist—Mrs. Etta Grab. Adah—Mary J. Cottrell. Ruth—Mrs. Alice Mellor. Esther—Mrs. Ruth Doane. Martha—Mrs. Ellen Hathaway. Electa—Miss Martha Townley. Warder—Miss Gertrude Chappelle. Sentinel—Robert Doane. A Past Matron's jewel was presented to Mrs. Miriam Linley, and a Past Patron's jewel was presented to Mr. William Cottrell, the retiring Matron and Patron, by Miss Hamblly, the newly installed Matron. Miss Hamblly was presented with a beautiful bouquet, as were Mrs. Linley, Mrs. Miller, and the Grand Chaplain and Grand Marshal.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen have had as guests Mrs. Langworthy and Miss Marie Langworthy, of Genoa, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. James Stafford have had as guests Mrs. Rufus Bennett and her son, Ralph Bennett, of East Bridgewater, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gorton and family have closed their home on Freeborn street and have moved to Fall River for the winter.

Miss Martha A. Ashley has been spending her vacation in New London, Conn., where she was guest of Miss Elizabeth Rose.

Mrs. Letitia E. Lawton has been visiting her son, Mr. Theodore Lawton, in Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. David B. Anthony entertained Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at an all-day thimble party on Thursday.

Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., held another of a series of dances at Oakland Hall recently. The committee were Messrs. John Peterson, Charles Sherman, John Betts, Albert L. Purcell and Joseph D. Chase.

Officer John Hartley, who was seriously injured on the night of the Republican Victory parade, has returned to his home at Island Park, from the Newport Hospital. Mr. Hartley, who is suffering from a fractured skull, is convalescing as well as could be expected.

A whist was held at the Eureka Hall on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of Eureka Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

Sara Bernhardt's Retort

"When Sara Bernhardt came to London for the first time she 'scored off' none other than the duke of Edinburgh. He was brusque to the verge of bluntness, and one day he asked Madame Bernhardt what had become of the 'b' in her Christian name (which she had never used). 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I have lent it to a poor Englishman—yes, lent it to a poor Englishman!'"—From the Light of Other Days.

Burning for Centuries

The most ancient of the sacred fires of India still existing was consecrated 12 centuries ago, in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every 24 hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel.

Exalted Courage

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence; and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage.

Two "Pipes of Pan"

The Pipe of Pan was called the Syrinx, the legend being that the water nymph Syrinx was changed into a reed to escape from Pan, who loved her. He took the reed, cut it into seven pieces of graduated length, joined them together and fashioned the instrument which he called by her name.

Overcoming Troubles

Troubles may never come singly, but in meeting one trouble experience is gained for taking care of another. If the law of compensations were better understood disappointments would be less keen. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb in more ways than one.—Grit.

Hail Only in Summer

Scientists declare that no true hailstorm was ever recorded in any season but summer. The strange fact is that the hotter the day the bigger the hailstones will be and that semitropical countries may have the largest of all during the few storms there.

Blacksmith and Scholar

"The Learned Blacksmith" was the title popularly given Elihu Burritt of New Britain, Conn. He was a linguist, a writer and a social reformer. He was the author of several volumes. He died in 1879.

Famous Bags

A punching bag. The bag that the cat got out of. A bag of candy. A windbag. A bag of flour. First base. A potato bag. A grab-bag. A bag-pipe. A mailbag. A bag of tricks.—Chicago American.

How to Open Sack

To open cloth sugar or salt sacks which are stitched, place the double stitching to the left and begin pulling at the end away from you. This saves so much annoyance.

Work of Farm Women

Four-year records prove that farm women put in on necessary household duties about one and a half hours more a day than the hired men do.—Washington Star.

Uncle Eben

"Lendin' money to a friend," said Uncle Eben, "is giner show you which he values most, de friendship or de money."—Washington Star.

Fast-Moving Planet

Jupiter's diameter is about ten times that of our earth, but so quickly does it spin that a day there lasts only nine hours and fifty minutes.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

Newport Se. Newport, October 18, A. D. 1924. WHEREAS Antonio Lima, of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Antonio Lima and Estephonia Goncalves Lima, now in part to the said Antonio Lima, unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered: NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the said Estephonia Goncalves Lima of the pendency of said petition and that she shall appear, if she shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden in the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1924, then and there to respond to said petition. SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

10-18-6w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 3rd, 1924.

Estate of Frank Davenport

REQUEST in writing is made by Abbie M. Davenport, widow of Frank Davenport, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the twenty-fourth day of November instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-8 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham Nov. 11, 1924.

Estate of Carrie E. Champlin

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that the last will and testament of Carrie E. Champlin, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, and that Edward P. Champlin, the Executor therein named, has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

11-15

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 8th, 1924.

Estate of John H. Wetherell

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of John H. Wetherell, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the first day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-15 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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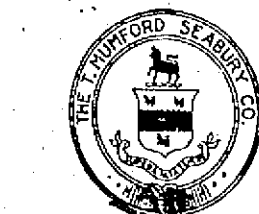
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GUARDIAN'S NOTICE New Shoreham, R. I., October 11, 1924. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that Carl P. W. Anderson has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham Guardian of the person and estate of LLOYD JOHNSON, (minor), of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof. EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk. CARL P. W. ANDERSON, Guardian.



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